TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 45 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 253

Around Town.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council has been an interesting affair. The clergymen who assembled to decide how mankind is to be made better—under the direction of divine providence, of course, but through the instrumentality of the properly ordained minister—reach their task with an equipment which is probably better than that possessed by any other body. Yet the outsider cannot but observe that these gentlemen are highly paid as well as highly educated and fail to lift their burdens as the fishermen of Galilee did. Of course times have changed and the conditions which surround us are different. These clergymen admit this as far as self-sacrifice and the undertaking of their labors are concerned, yet it dawns upon them slowly that these same changes have wrought other changes than those which control the livelihood of the teachers. The livelihood of the convert, the conditions which surround his beginning and ending, the circumstances which control the performance or non-performance of his duty seem to have escaped the observation of the majority of these gentlemen. Of course it has begun to dawn upon them that Calvin was not one of the apostles, and yet it seems even now that they are unaware that John Knox was not the successor of Christ. They read "papers" on the emancipation of mankind from evils which every day obtrude themselves upon their parish work—that is if they do parish work.

***

Reading "papers" is not formally apostolic, yet it is not objectionable. The fact that the work largely ends with these "papers," however, is not Christian. What all the churches seem to lack is the idea that the human soul is worth saving and that it must be saved. Doctrinally, all churches alike believe that there is a soul to save and that it must be saved; alike, they seem to believe that talk is the only way to save it. There is an old saying that "talk is cheap but it takes money to buy bread." The starving millions are not looking after salvation as much as they are for some avenue to escape from starvation. Plentifully endowed churches on good streets, with handsome lawns, are no doubt civic ornaments; so are the club houses and business places. What the people do who meet in those places, not what they say, must be the measure by which we judge them. By their exemption from taxation we recognize that churches are better thought of than the clubs and taverns, but exactly what they do in reaching out for the poor struggling atom of humanity who has been born without his consent and lives without anybody's approbation and dies because he cannot help it, is hard to define.

***

It is becoming a not uncommon practice to regard churches as no more worthy of approbation than club houses. Men pass the plate whose name would be dishonored in any properly officered bank. Christian gentlemen are often considered rare; some preachers are sometimes considered mean, and not without cause, for without the self-sacrifice of apostolic days they demand the consideration accorded to pilgrims and missionaries in those ancient times when the cross was carried into heathen lands and martyrdom with a place amongst the saints was all that was hoped for. A modern preacher who has a good salary and a comfortable house has no right to look for these things; the church that wins its money as we sinners win it has no right to look for special favors; the spire that is built by alcohol and the carpet that is put down by chicanery should be no more exempt from taxation than the warehouse of the merchant or the unanointed efforts of the advertising agent. When robed in sackcloth and ashes, the sandals on their feet and the cross in their hands, men go abroad and proclaim that Christ is King and that love is the only law, we may follow in their wake and worship; but when highly paid preachers and argumentative parsons meet to tell us what, forsooth, we should do, we ask by what right they legislate for men who live as they live, the efforts of whose followers are our efforts, whose aims are our aims, whose godliness never seems to interfere with their real estate transactions and whose piety will never prevent a profitable horse trade. When the world has to be redeemed it must be redeemed by men who believe in souls, not in dollars. If I were rich enough I would like to be a missionary; if I had plenty of money I would like to be engaged in the highly praiseworthy effort to make my brother better, but while I see men who are supposed to be anxious about souls busily engaged in making sordid dollars I cannot believe that the soul is esteemed much more highly than the dollar, for I never see the dollar sacrificed to save the immortal thing which our Presbyterian brother and preacher teaches us may be tortured forever and ever, or may be made happy through years without end, the enumeration of which in our counting, counts itself tired. If I believed as they believe, that is, if I really believed as they say they believe; if any man really believed as they think they believe, there would not be one voice crying in the wilderness but there would be a million, until the air should be rent with the shouts of those crying "Repent, repent." If that belief absorbed my soul as it is said to absorb the souls of thousands, as it is said to absorb the souls of the well clad gentlemen who have been assembled in our city, mother nor father, nor chick nor child, nor wife nor the comforts of home, nor all those pleasant things that we enjoy so well and which devout people enjoy so well could possibly engage me for an instant. I would go about crying "Repent," thinking only of the soul that may be damned for millions and millions and billions and sextillions and septillions of years. I would shout in the highways and by-ways, and my voice would lift itself over the hedges and the housetops; it would fill the streets and the alleys, and in the lanes and the lofts the shriek of fear would rend men's minds and transfix their souls—"Repent! repent! Arrange terms with the Almighty God that ye may not be tortured! Settle with thy Maker, do the things that have been commanded of thee, O man! Forget your finery and your flummery, O woman! Let not death find thee unsaved, thou miserable creature, born because thou couldst not help thyself, thou who must die without thy consent! Oh, see thou the awful future, endless torment, torment, flames, flames! See thou the flesh of the beast that roasteth on thy gridiron! See thou the awful flame that cometh from the coal and the heat that is made by gas and the cracking of the wood! This is nothing to that awful agony in which the unsaved soul shalt writhe until time shall circle through the endless and immeasurable vault of unmeasured space, swinging in endless cycles through the worlds which glisten as points in the empyrean blue, until the stars shall for lack of energy fuse themselves into one great burning ball which shall blister on thy soul."

***

And yet the Pan-Presbyterian Council, the Pan-Ecumenical Council, and the Pan-Methodistical Council, and the Pan-Baptistical Convention, and the Pan-Congregationalistic Convention, and the Pan-Everythingistical Council meets and deporteth itself as if it were a scientific association or a political convention made to arrange for good terms with the world, and the great, roasting, soul-blistering, heart-roasting, vital-torturing subject seems to be dropped. The ministers quarrel with one another over technicalities and split hairs and grow angry that they are not permitted to do more than their share of talking!

***

Wherein do these brethren find a mission? Are these dreadful things that are to be heaped upon us in the immeasurable cycles of mountains of years forgotten in their beginning and still uplifting in the mists of futurity, or are these things but made to torture the souls of those who pay salaries and support churches? Where do we find this burning and blistering applied except to the man who does not put his so-much-per-annum up for the support of the gentlemen who preach these soul-disturbing things? Do we find in their faces or in their lives or in their preaching anything but a *fac simile* of the doctrines with which in politics men endeavor to disturb nations and find office?

***

If these awful things are true, why hear we not in these streets to-day, when the great men, the apostles and high priests are with us, the cry that once disturbed Nineveh, the cry that once wrought soul-trouble in Jerusalem, the cry with which men have wrought a change of heart the world over? We hear nothing of this. Our fashionable hotels are filled; our fashionable friends have Pan-Presbyterian guests; our newspapers have reports of "papers," but what about the SOUL? What about the awful thing that is going to happen the soul? What about the dreadful things in the creed? What about anything that brought the Presbyterian church into existence? What about God? What about anything but preachers?

I believe in a great and everlasting God, in a good God and in the mission of His Divine Son. The man who now sees the trees shedding their leaves can remember the barrenness of winter and the green buds of spring, and the great mountains of foliage that make the pleasant shades of summer. Then there are the fields that groaned with riches, that came whence we know not, and the yellow tints of autumn, and that same man who can remember how the seasons have come and gone, how snow has covered with its mantle the grain that waited for the sunshine to fatten priest and people, and who can appreciate the rain that has made us glad, that has kept us alive—the man who knoweth that all things come, we know not whence, must believe in God, in a good God; though God means good and it is but repeating the word to speak of a good God, yet we who know how heathens and fools, how fanatics and furious people have talked about a God who is not good, must appreciate the difference. With all this in the memory, with thoughts of how must this world be run, how must ordinary people live, how good can the best people be, how bad the bad people may be, and how can the bad people be saved from being bad, we begin to stumble whenever we get into a maze of thinking about the realities of these wonders which only materialistic people deny. The awfulness of having a soul, the awfulness of being a soul, the awfulness of being concerned in bringing other souls into the world, disturbs nobody. We sleep at night, no voice crying beneath our windows, "Repent, repent." We pay our taxes with a slight religious reminiscence insomuch as the unpaid taxes] of the churches obtrude themselves and are left for us to settle, thus enlarging the amount that we unwillingly deliver up to Cæsar for the churches' sake. The soul, that strange thing the soul, the thinking, deciding, duty-doing thing the soul, always present with each one of us, has as little concern in all that is done in the Pan-Presbyterian Council as has the hopeless debtor in the settlement of his affairs or the impenitent thief dying on a cross in his next-world fate. Who is it that should lift us from the lethargy of this dreadful condition? Is it not the priests, the prophets, the preachers? And yet they live in the good hotels and they sleep in the downy beds of the rich religionists, and under our windows we hear no cry, "Repent, repent."

***

No one who has studied the attitude or has been capable of appreciating the mental calibre of the delegates, can deny that they are the "chiefest amongst ten thousand." No one would dare deny their intellectuality, their respectability, their good intentions. But what about the soul? What about the awful things that are to happen the awful soul? What about the unmentionable horrors, the baking and the frying, and the sizzling and the awful awfulness of being wicked? How was it that these gentlemen, who robe themselves in broadcloth and wear spotless linen, were not crying through our streets about the dreadful things that will happen if we do not repent? The man who sits and waits for the apostle to pass, the man who has his window open and his shutters unlocked and his heart ready for the attack of men who believe in the things they preach, has been led to light his cigar and put on his slippers and slip down into his easy chair because there has been nobody crying out. The man who believes in the sincerity and wondrous things of all that has been preached—and we all believe in them, whether we practice or not we all believe in the things that are taught, with a great, big, hearty belief that does not look for anything but an occasional sermon to confirm it—we have all been waiting, reclining, comfortably, ready to engage if necessary in any revival that may be made. And yet there has been no disturbance; no bare-footed friar has gone past the portal or trodden upon the well cared for boulevard; no sandals have sounded on the asphalt pavement; no anguished eyes have been turned upon us asking "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" No disturbance has been made of that awful apathy which wraps itself about men who sink down in the snow and sleep with the dreadful knowledge somewhere latent in their minds that it is to die. The best rooms in the best hotels and the guest chambers in the houses of the best people have been filled, and "papers" have been read, and we who believe in God and have no, no disturbing thought except that our neighbors may perish, live on, and on, and on, reading in the newspapers that there has been a great gathering of the great men of the great churches, and without any loss of sleep we think how in the world we can raise enough to pay our taxes.

***

Just think of it! If the fishermen of Galilee, to say nothing of the God-man who was their leader, had gathered in Jerusalem and read "papers," the money changers in the temple would still be undisturbed, the blind would not have been restored to sight, the leper cured of his taint, the dead raised, Pilate appealed to for a decision; the blood-stained cross would never from Calvary have raised its beseeching arms to heaven, nor the tomb of Joseph given up its crucified Christ!

***

The newspaper reports of a sermon delivered by Rev. W. F. Wilson of the new Richmond Methodist church, probably convey a general impression of what he said as well as the prevalent idea of what church-going and club-avoiding people believe. The Rev. Mr. Wilson is an aggressive and enterprising man and the church that employs him as pastor can be sure that the Sunday services will be made attractive. Personally he is a big and jolly fellow who cuts his clothes and whiskers so that he looks like a priest, while somehow still wearing the air of a genial showman. Personally I like him; he is a manly fellow and, as his record shows, he is prepared to fight. Yet I cannot deny having received the impression that he is in the pulpit as I am in the editorial room, on a business basis. With me, if there is no salary there is no editorial, as with Brother Wilson if there is no salary there will probably be no preach. I do not say this disparagingly of Brother Wilson, for I think the same is true of all who apply to themselves the text of the "oxen who tread out the corn." If they are muzzled they will either quit treading out corn or wander up to some convenient fence where they can rub the muzzle off. The influence of Rev. W. F. Wilson is for good, and strongly for good, particularly amongst the young people of this city. It is a happy thing when a manly man who is bright and ambitious enters the pulpit, for his attractiveness must teach many foolish youths that godliness and manliness should be synonymous terms. As we are made in the image of God, so when we walk most uprightly and decently as men we are nearest like our Creator, and when we imitate, as we all should, the conduct of Him who was sent to teach us, to lead us and to save us, we must be most like the ideal man.

Having introduced Rev. Mr. Wilson and the subject in a way that I hope may not be considered disparaging to my friend and brother of the new Richmond church, I should like to intimate to Brother Wilson that he doesn't know half as much about clubs as he thinks he does. I belong to several clubs and occasionally wander into a good many clubs where I do not belong, yet I never yet met a man who joined a club such as we have in Toronto for the sake of the "whisky privilege." I never saw a game of poker played in a Toronto club or any game of cards in which money was staked. I do not think that these things have been concealed from me because I am young or sensitive, or notoriously prudish in such respects, but I do know that I have never been tempted. I also know that such games are played in some clubs. I know a half a dozen fellows who when they go upstairs together are well known to be going into a little ante-room of the club house to have a "game." I never was solicited by them or saw anybody solicited by them to join. As far as gambling is concerned, I believe the club houses, with one or two exceptions, to be the most respectable, least injurious and most necessary compromise between what Brother Wilson believes ought to be the rule of conduct on one hand, and the degraded standard which gamblers and low gin-millers who rob people would like to see established as a convenient basis for their operations. A man forfeits his membership in a properly conducted club if he does anything dishonorable. The rules may not be very rigid, yet before Brother Wilson talks about the clubs so sweepingly he should show us that a man alway forfeits his membership in the great and influential church to which he belongs if he does anything dishonorable.

***

Many of the clubs do not sell intoxicants. I know of none that sell to others than their members or the guests of members. That people along the street are supplied with whisky from a club, I consider absurd; that such clubs as are permitted to sell liquor are hot-beds of iniquity is palpably a mistake, for social restraints insure decent conduct in such places when no such restraint can be always exercised in saloons, no matter how anxious the proprietors of saloons are to have their houses the resort of well conducted people. I know of an instance where a prominent and wealthy young man of this city drove up to a club accompanied by a disreputable person whom he did not even try to introduce within the walls. Next morning he was suspended; next evening he was notified that he was no longer a member of that club, and a thousand dollars could not replace his name on the list. That such restraints as these are beneficial is apparent, and the belief that a man who is old enough to belong to a club ought, under such circumstances, be fit to take care of himself, is reasonable. I am told that in one of the political clubs of this city a couple of men whose front names were very much alike used to play poker with advantage to themselves, yet everybody knew who they were, and that in every game, though honestly played, they could get the best of it, and moths who floated near enough to the heat to get singed were getting their experience in a better place than in the back smoking-room of a corner grocery.

***

I know Brother Wilson thinks it is a mistake to make vice have even a semblance of decency, yet it is also a great mistake to make decency have the semblance of vice. I believe that whatever is done should be done decently and in order. If everything which is opposed to our prejudices is to be turned over to the Evil One, we send a great throng of people who disagree with us out of all the good influences that might have been exercised and force them into an attitude of rebellion against decency, and by ostracizing them make their reclamation hopeless. Of no one is this truer than the scarlet woman. As soon as her sin is known pious hands push her through the gate into the devil's domain, and if she tries to climb over the fence and once more mingle with good people she is beaten back and spat upon until now these unfortunate victims of vice, once they fall, know that it must be forever and often hasten to become as wicked as the devil himself, because they know that the devil must be their accomplice unto the end.

***

Now what would Brother Wilson have us do? Forbid the sale of intoxicants in club houses probably! Does he imagine for a moment that this will stop the consumption of whisky and convert club houses into temperance lodges? If this is his belief he is far astray, for instead of going to the club house the man who wants a drink will go to the saloon, where social restraints will not prevent him from going to excess. Club men, as a rule, know what they want and they propose to have it, and if they cannot have it legitimately no influence on earth can prevent them joining together, supplying themselves with all the liquors they fancy and passing them around amongst their friends.

***

I certainly agree with Brother Wilson on one point, and that is that gambling should be forbidden in clubs. Little games of cribbage and penny-ante and whist, with a chance of losing a sixpence or a shilling, need not be enumerated as gambling games any more than grab-bag at a church fair, but big games for money or little games that have money as their object should be forbidden. Gambling machinery which would be illegitimate in a public house should be forbidden, and now that attention is attracted to this subject I hope all the better classes of clubs will join with Bro-

TEMPTATION.

ther Wilson in asserting that the directors of clubs should see to the abolition of everything that is unlawful. The appeal I do not think is necessary in more than two, perhaps three, instances in Toronto, where the clubs are almost invariably well conducted, but there are some evils which need correcting and there are two or three places in Toronto clubdom which will be none the worse of Brother Wilson's well delivered sermon. All I am sorry for is that he went a little too far and made some statements which I am afraid cannot be verified. Yet what he said made his whole statement strong, and perhaps if it had lacked the strength of ill-informed vigor it would not have struck home as I hope it shall find a way home.

***

It is pretty near time that some interest should be taken in municipal politics. As a rule we wait until the last thirty days before we become excited, and then feel sorry that the best men are not chosen to represent us. Nobody knows, except those severely afflicted, what bad government really means; what an incalculable injury a non-progressive government is; how dilatory conduct in connection with public works disconcerts those who have shown by their investment that they believe in the city they live in. For instance, take the man who bought property on streets adjacent to the site purchased on which to build a new city court house. They bought as an investment, reckoned the cost of their purchase, added to the cost of their purchase the cost of carrying their property for five or six years until they could build offices upon it with a good chance of obtaining tenants. The court house instead of being built has been at a standstill; those purchasing the property—men who certainly should receive some consideration, as they have invested on the basis of a city contract—shall have to carry their purchases four, five, perhaps six years beyond the limit fixed by the original contract. To many of these people it means a loss of from one to five thousand dollars a year. Is it strange that there is no public confidence here? Is it odd that men will not invest their money in a city where contracts are not fulfilled? There is no use putting buildings on the property now, for they would find no tenants, and so the owners sit and lose and lose, and as they lose they very probably swear and make daily complaints to their neighbors and as a consequence Toronto gets a black eye.

***

Then again, our city debentures are being sold for a ridiculously low figure, four per cents. bringing five and a half cents on the dollar less than they did some time ago, and three per cent. sinking down into the eighties, where they have not been since I remember. Of course this cannot all be blamed on the present administration. For a great many years we have been selling more debentures than we ought to. The local improvement system has entangled us in debts which are yet beyond calculation. Admitting this, it is still true that the sale of debentures at the price which Toronto has recently realized is disheartening. Men are becoming broken financially; enthusiasts are being turned into mourners and public progress stopped, if indeed the car is not turned backwards by the weak-backed, puling style of governing a city which should have its walking shoes on and be advancing at a rate excelled by no city on the continent.

***

I am told that some of my Imperial Federationist brethren are becoming discouraged, insomuch as the *Times* and many British publicists sneer at the idea of Great Britain helping her colonies. The scheme may appear awfully ridiculous to a few swelled-heads who write and talk about these things, but to colonists such as those in Canada it is well known that something must be done or the colonial question will cease to trouble Great Britain owing to the fact that she no longer has any colonies. We need not fret ourselves. When Great Britain is confronted with the issue, as she will be very shortly, we may expect justice and all the consideration that our needs demand. Lord Rosebery, who is in charge of the foreign affairs of Great Britain at this moment, is also at the head of the Imperial Federation League. A few jeers from newspapers, five minutes' smart-Aleck talk from politicians should not alarm the people of this country for the double reason that Great Britain will look after her interests and strengthen the tie that binds us to her by greater commercial generosity, and in the second place, Canada can take care of her end of it and proposes to engage herself at that very task, and at once. DON.

Social and Personal.

The At Home at Government House, on Friday of last week, was in imminent danger of a drenching, but the fates were kind and after one hearty downpour the sun came out right royally in time to brighten up the beautiful grounds before the guests arrived. The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were kept busy receiving in their graceful and kindly manner until nearly six o'clock, and everyone was made welcome in a delightful way. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a mustard-yellow net over green, trimmed with dark green velvet *applique*; her hat was in the fashionable black leghorn with garniture of roses. Little Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick flitted about among the guests on the terrace. Sir David Macpherson's majestic figure was *en evidence*; Mrs. Meyrick Bankes wore a handsome figured blue and black gown with Watteau pleat, robin-egg blue velvet sleeves and corsage trimmed with Duchesse lace; Mrs. Homer Dixon, a rich puce velvet gown and bonnet to correspond; Mrs. (Dr.) Hall, wine-colored silk with handsome steel and jet trimming and a most becoming bonnet with cut steel frontlet; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, cream and scarlet striped costume, with Zouave jacket of scarlet velvet, and white leghorn hat with scarlet plumes. Mrs. Alfred Cameron, an elegant black and striped silk gown with pink yoke and cuffs covered with cream *guipure*; Miss Beatty, flowered china silk with black lace; Mrs. Winstanley, myrtle green *merveilleux* with silver guimpe, *vieux* rose bonnet with jet; Mrs. Foy, handsome flowered silk with deep black fringe; Miss F. Smith, a dainty shot silk with a becoming hat to match; Mrs. P. Rutherford, olive green bengaline slashed with pink, and velvet hat with spray of violets; Mrs. (Dr.) Temple, a gown of black lace with blue silk trimmings; Miss Minnie Temple, embroidered cashmere edged with silk cord; the Misses Langtry, heliotrope china silk with Irish lace. I noticed one sweet little heliotrope costume with Eton jacket and loose half sleeves over tight coat sleeves, which was as pretty as its young wearer; and also, a black surah, with belt and edging of gold braid, and large black leghorn hat, with crimson roses; Miss Victoria Mason wore turquoise blue *crepon* with lace, and fancy straw hat with loops of velvet of the same shade and sprays of marguerites; Miss Trixy Hoskin, pink and white striped costume with silk and gold guimpe trimming; Mrs. Doward, a stylish gown of soft dark material with bonnet of pink crushed roses; the Misses Todd, flowered delaines with silk trimming. Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. and the Misses Ince, Mrs. Skae, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. D. Ridout, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Sir Oliver Mowat, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Dr. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason, Mr. Evans, Messrs. McMurray, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Charter, Mr. and the Misses Strickland, the Misses Morphy, Mr. Sloan, the Misses Milligan, Mr. Grote, Mr. Strickland, the Misses Bright, Mr. Carter Troop, Major Harrison, Dr. Harley Smith, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Cox, the Misses Morgan, Mr. F. Roche, Dr. Lehman, Mrs. G. B. and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Dunsford, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Miss Macbeth Milligan, Mrs. Mulock.

*

Last week I chronicled the autumn doings of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club. This week another enjoyable time is being spent by the Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club at their annual tournament, which will close this day week, when the prizes will be distributed and a pleasant reunion held. The Rosedale Clubs play on the courts laid out on the north side of the lacrosse grounds. The president, Mr. Charles Hirschfelder, and the vice, Mr. H. A. R. Snow, with the indefatigable secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. A. Ardagh, are all able and enthusiastic officers and knights of the racquet. A committee of four—Messrs. P. Turner Wilson, George Lyon, J. J. Bryson and H. M. Blackburn—assist in a very successful management. I am told that this club has played more matches during the season than any other city club. The membership is also larger and has drawn many recruits from the legal fraternity and the banks. The handicap scheme has been pursued by the club during the summer, which partially accounts for its success. Probably the leading gentleman players are the office holders and Messrs. Martin, Sanson, McMaster and O'Reilly. Ladies' day is Thursday, and good play and much enthusiasm is shown by the gentler sex, among whom I noticed the Misses Hubbard, Eddis, Hirschfelder and Miss McLaren, champion of the Maritime Provinces, to be charmingly proficient. The president's cup, for which Messrs. Sanson, Martin and Hirschfelder will play off, is a fine trophy. The final doubles are Ardagh and Hirschfelder vs. Sanson and Anderson. Through the week the ideal weather has made tennis most delightful.

*

Mr. Frank McLean has returned from a trip to the Maritime Provinces.

*

Mr. Clark is away for a holiday trip.

*

Mr. Langton has returned from a pleasant little holiday in Muskoka.

*

Mr. Fred Kennedy and Mr. Warring Kennedy sailed for England this week.

*

Mrs. Mortimer Clark on Tuesday last entertained upwards of three hundred ladies, the wives, daughters and friends of the Pan-Presbyterian delegates.

*

Mrs. Bendelari has returned from Muskoka, and has been, as a matter of course, captured as a managress by the committee of the St. George's Society Fair. The arrangements for the publication of a souvenir book of the Fair, in charmingly quaint design, are now *en train*. Mr. Walter Read, who so ably conducted the Kermesse publication, has promised his kind assistance for the new venture.

*

Mr. W. D. Lamont has gone east on an extended business trip.

*

Mrs. Walter Stewart of Spokane is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of 198 Carlton street.

*

Mrs. Henry Hutchison, who has been for some time in New York, has returned home.

*

Mr. R. S. Chappell of New York City has been spending his holidays with his parents at 575 Sherbourne street.

*

Miss Grace Alexander of Crescent road, Rosedale, has returned from Scotland to reside permanently in Toronto.

*

Miss Josie Gooderham, who has been traveling in Europe during the summer, is expected home next week.

*

Mr. C. M. Sterling, the popular local manager of the New York Life Insurance Company, has been the recipient of an elegant presentation from the staff and agents of the company on the eve of his marriage.

*

Mrs. Alex. Young left on Friday for Chicago, after a very enjoyable visit in Toronto.

*

Miss Buckley of Belleville is visiting her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Buckley of Howard street.

*

Dr. Cummings of Hamilton was in town recently.

*

Mr. Charlton and Mr. Walter Ross of the Tonawanda Bicycle Club were in the city this week.

*

The *musicale* given by Mr. Frank Deane last Saturday afternoon was attended by a fashionable audience, who enjoyed exceedingly the finished style in which he played the different numbers on the programme. Miss Snarr sang her solos beautifully and was well received. She wore a becoming gown of dark steel gray, with a *chic* little *chapeau* of geranium red tulle and gloves to match. Two costumes which I thought particularly pretty and stylish were a silver gray silk bengaline with sleeves and corsage embroidered in cut jet, a large hat to correspond with black plumes, completing the costume; and a flowered delaine prettily trimmed with moss green ribbon and Irish lace. The hat, which was a perfect match, was trimmed with sprays of lily-of-the-valley and lace.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler of Barrie were the guests recently of Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy of Beverley street.

*

The Rev. Canon Cayley attended the Synod in Montreal last week.

*

Mr. and Mr. Charles Temple and family have returned from their summer trip.

*

Last Saturday evening Mr. Donogh was presented with a beautiful watch by his fellow-employees on the eve of leaving for California to reside. He was for ten years in the employ of Mr. R. Simpson.

*

Mrs. Junor and Miss Greene of Wellington street west have returned from London and Paris after a pleasant trip.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scarth Smellie have returned to town from the Island to their residence, Macsholme, 80 D'Arcy street.

*

Mr. John Strachan and family have returned home after spending the summer in Muskoka.

*

Mr. W. A. D. Grant won the junior championship of the Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club last Monday afternoon.

*

Mr. C. J. Smith of Ottawa was in the city recently.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens of Barrie were in town this week.

*

Miss Strachan of Hazelton avenue has gone on a visit to Montreal.

*

Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsey have returned to their home on Rusholme road.

*

Miss Bessie MacLaren of 284 Avenue road left the city on Monday evening to visit her brother, Mr. Archie MacLaren of Philadelphia.

*

A charming little reception was given last Tuesday evening for Rev. Arthur Baldwin, on his return from the Old Country, by the members of his congregation.

*

The Misses Cayley returned home last week from spending the summer months in Muskoka.

*

Mrs. Barnett and family have returned from Muskoka, where they spent the summer.

*

Mrs. Scott of Montreal has been visiting her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott of Sherbourne street.

*

Mrs. James A. Macrae of Regina, N. W. T., with her two children, is at present visiting her mother in-law, Mrs. Macrae, 67 Henry street, and intends remaining in Toronto for the winter months.

*

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street gave a charming luncheon party to a few friends on Saturday.

*

Mrs. A. Robertson of Chatham has been visiting Justice and Mrs. Ferguson of Eastlawn.

*

The Sunbeam Club hold a sale of work, in aid of the Old Folks' Home, at the Homewood, Wellesley crescent, this afternoon from 2 to 6.30 o'clock.

*

Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder are on a visit to Ottawa.

*

Canada's most popular lady elocutionist, Miss Jessie Alexander, recites at the Pavilion next Tuesday, October 4. Here is a pretty little reminiscence of the sweet lady by an editor in Winnipeg: "I could see a little girl before me dressed in a Scotch plaid kilted frock down to her knees, her chubby face was partly hidden by fair hair falling over her shoulders, in her hands was an old fifth reader and the eyes quickly followed the words that fell from her parted lips. And when she sat down, another voice sounded in my ears 'that was very nicely read, Jessie,' and then there was a whisper beside me, 'she'll get ten.' Yes, she always got ten, but from that time until a few days ago I never saw her nor did I hear her read. She gets ten still. And with all the golden fame, her chief charm lies in the simple unaffected manner that belonged to the chubby-faced school-girl. Her heart has never changed, her enjoyment of life is as real to-day as it was then, prosperity and fame have only the more firmly moulded her sweet character, they have been powerless to mar it."

*

Mrs. Reginald Capreol has removed from St. George street to 110 Baldwin street.

*

Mrs. William Morrish is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Lennox, Beaconsfield avenue.

*

Miss Nellie Lennox has returned to Cleveland to complete her fourth year medical course.

*

Miss Pyne's dance last Thursday evening was a most enjoyable affair. Among the many bright and pretty people present I remarked: Miss R. A. Pyne, black dotted net with jet; Mrs. Fred McQueen, black gros grain silk with handsome jet trimming and lace; Miss Lowe, black lace; Mrs. Lewis Howard, gray bengaline, *en train*, with pink *chiffon*; Miss V. Mason, old gold brocaded silk with pearl trimming; Miss Carter, black velvet and jet; Miss B. Beemer, pink silk with *chiffon* the same shade; Miss B. Mason, primrose moire with duchesse lace; Miss McNair, blue silk bengaline and black lace; Miss Michie, pink surah trimmed with ruching the same shade; Miss T. Mason, *vieux* rose *crepon* and lisse. Other guests were: Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. C. Macdonnell, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Howard, Dr. Peters, Mrs. and the Misses Michie, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Orr, Mr. F. McLean, Mr. F. Roche, Mr. H. McCuaig, Mr. Godden, Dr. McArthur, Mr. J. McQuillan, Mr. Knight, Mr. Ketchum, Mr. McKay, Mr. Macdonald and Mr. McNair.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Drayton return to-day. Mrs. Drayton will receive at Ginsley House, Rosedale, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

*

On Wednesday, September 21, a very pretty wedding took place at St. Basil's church, when Mr. Randolph Routh was married to Annie, third daughter of Mr. Joseph Quinn of Toronto. The bride was attired in a pretty traveling dress of brown and pink and wore a handsome boa of pink ostrich feathers. The bridesmaids were Miss Maymie and Miss Louie Quinn, sisters of the bride, Mr. George Routh, a brother, acting as best man. Rev. Father Brennan officiated. After the service the guests were received at the residence of the bride's parents, 40 Sussex avenue, where the wedding breakfast was served by Webb. After numerous toasts the bridal party left by the three o'clock train for Chicago on their way to St. Paul, in which city they intend to make their future home. The bridesmaids were dressed in very becoming costumes. Miss Maymie Quinn (who came from New York for the occasion), wore a brown velvet embroidered with gold, with a hat to match; Miss Louie, a fawn and old gold velvet dress with hat to match; they both carried bouquets of roses. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Routh, Mr. H. Routh of Niagara, Dr. and Mrs. Northup, Mrs. Chas. Northup, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Avery of Park Huron, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Galbraith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss May Miller of Dresden, Mrs. Frank S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. and the Misses Herson, Mr. and Mrs. T. McLaughlin, Miss Cecil Barrie of Dresden, who looked very pretty in gray; Miss Susie Herson wore a gown of cream and red; Miss Allie Kleiser, a becoming dress of pale gray and violets; Miss Elsie Herson, Mr. Beeson of Detroit.

*

The harvest festival of St. Matthias' church commenced last Sunday, and the services were largely attended. Dean Bigby preached an excellent sermon in the morning, and Rev. R. S. Moore gave a very impressive discourse in the evening. Rev. Prof. Clark will occupy the pulpit next Wednesday at the choral evening song. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and fruit.

*

Judge Bookstaver, Court of Common Pleas, New York, delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly, is the guest of Mr. R. W. Prittie, Sunnybank, Dovercourt road.

*

A beautiful wedding took place last Thursday evening at Trinity Methodist church, Bloor street west, Mr. Arthur Robert Walker, third son of the late R. Irving Walker, and Miss Mildred Catherine Bridgland being the principals. The ceremony took place at eight o'clock before a fashionable and elegant circle of friends and an interested throng of spectators. The altar, platform and choir of the handsome church were decorated with palms, ferns and flowers, and the air was heavy with perfumes and full of the harmonies evoked by clever fingers from the great organ. The groom and his best man, Mr. A. Leslie Davidson, awaited the bridal party, who entered by the east door. The bride leaned on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Erastus Wiman of New York. Her exquisite wedding gown of white *faille* with Venetian point lace and trimmed with orange flowers and myrtle, was charmingly becoming. She wore a *tulle* veil, fastened by diamond pins and a coronet of orange blossoms wreathed with myrtle. Miss Josie Bridgland, as maid of honor, wore an empire dress of white silk, with pink silk and Venetian lace, and a most becoming Greenaway *chapeau* with velvet facing and pink plumes. The bridesmaids, little Miss Alma Parsons and Miss Edna Walker, wore empire frocks of white silk and picture hats with white feathers. Rev. Dr. Johnson, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ockley, performed the ceremony. The wedding reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Bridgland, where a number of friends offered their congratulations to the bride and groom. Miss Bridgland looked extremely handsome in white silk and lace; Mrs. Wiman wore a delicate gray brocade with white lace; Miss Wonham of New York, a smart white gown with yellow trimmings and gold braid; Mrs. Eaton's dress of yellow *crepe*, embroidered with pansies, was much admired; Mrs. Norman Walker wore a most becoming gown of lavender *crepon*; Mrs. Matthews looked well in *vieux* rose silk and black lace; Mrs. Roper wore an elegant black velvet gown trimmed with jet, and a dainty white feather boa; Mrs. Lawrence, a gray silk and brocaded velvet; Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry wore a charming combination of robin-egg blue and black; Mrs. Fred Walker, nile green silk and black lace, among which gleamed some fine diamonds. The ushers were Messrs. S. Alfred Jones, Gardie Walker, W.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

AS GOVERNESS—A Young Lady Having a good education, musical and literary, and experience in teaching, will give her services in exchange for a home. Competent to teach one foreign language if desired. Excellent testimonials and references. Address TEACHER, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

AS GOVERNESS—Two Young Ladies, just returned from Germany, who will teach French, German and music, seek engagements as resident governesses in schools or families. Good references given and required. Address B. x 168, Woodstock.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Our stock is now complete with all the latest Novelties in Gloves to match any costume.

R. & G.---CORSETS---P. & D.

Millinery Dressmaking

We are now prepared with our EXCLUSIVE styles for the Autumn.

New Tweeds
New Cloths
New Homespuns

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East
TORONTO

HEADQUARTERS FOR LAMP GOODS
PANTECHNETHECA
Shade Frames, any size or shape, 50c.

THE J. E. ELLIS & CO. LTD.

This week have received direct from London and Paris full lines in Fancy Traveling Clocks, elegant in design and at unusually low prices. Sterling Silver Mounted Leather Goods and a large variety of useful and ornamental articles in sterling silver, suitable for presents. Just to hand, an elegant line of Chatelain Watches. All Goods marked in plain figures. Art room always open.

3 EAST KING ST. COR OF YONGE.

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York
UNSURPASSED FOR
Safety, Civility and Comfort
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

SOUTHERN - - TOURS

Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Azores, Riviera, Egypt, Palestine, Etc., Etc.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Gen. S. S. and Tourist Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HERBERT E. SIMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHER
143 College Street - - Toronto
3RD DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE
SUCCESSOR to late NORMAN & FRASER.

GAS FIRES, LOGS

Open Fireplaces, Grates, &c.

RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)
King Street East TORONTO

Fashion Notes

AUTHORITIES seem to be somewhat at odds as to the coming fashions in hair-dressing. Efforts are being made to introduce the enormous braids and chignons of times past, but it is doubtful if these efforts will succeed. This fashion, with the dreaded hoops, are among the things that the independent American woman seems to care very little about, and it is a curious fact that when the American woman doesn't want anything it is rather difficult to induce her to take to it. The decline of the trained skirt is one of the best evidences of this fact. Very few women are willing to drag their dresses through the streets. They are untidy, inconvenient, unsanitary; therefore, they are soon to be among the things that were, and it is so, to some extent, with fashions in hair-dressing.

Many a woman can remember the tortures she suffered from wearing the enormous weight of hair which fashion at one time dictated, and as good health and a clear head seem to be necessary to the success of the modern woman, she is going to adopt nothing that will interfere with the possession of them.

•

Too abundant hair is always a burden, and although those who are favored in this way are unwilling to cut it off, yet they frequently find themselves wishing that nature had been less prodigal in that respect. The trim, close-reefed, comfortable styles which have of late prevailed appeal strongly to good sense, and it is unlikely that we will see any marked departure from them even for the sake of gratifying the fancy of foreign designers for novelties. The knot at the back of the head is more fluffy and a few light puffs are introduced in some of the newest models. The hair is brushed back from the sides and drawn into a coil, the arrangement of which depends to a great extent on individual taste. The hair over the forehead is, in some cases, brushed back in a modified pompadour fashion; in others it is crimped or waved. The effort to popularize the parted bang is said to have failed because the style is not becoming, but this is scarcely consistent with the facts in the case. The real reason is that the ordinary false front or bang can only be successfully arranged when there is no parting. There is but one style of parted bang which is at all natural, and this is covered by patents and has never been put upon the market in sufficient quantity to become a standard article. The arrangement of the bang over the forehead is, therefore, a matter of individual taste. If the natural hair is worn, it is a compliment to the wearer that the parting is visible, as it is considered that those having regular features and a certain classical style of face find it most becoming.

•

The bell skirt still remains the favorite, although efforts are being made to introduce draperies of various sorts. The leading style, however, remains plain with the exception of the lower edge, which is as elaborate as material and ingenuity can make it. There is a wide range of fancy in edgings for skirts. Very narrow plaitings are used either straight around or with a heading, or caught up to form fans, between the folds of which are loops, knots of ribbon or puffs of some soft contrasting material. Box-plaiting ruffles with cord headings are also used, and plain velvet bands are much liked. Rows of very narrow braid are set around skirts, also numerous folds, one costume showing about fifteen half-inch-wide folds set above a plain hem. Wide bands of velvet have narrow fancy galloon on either edge. Wide bands of insertion with narrow ribbon run through the spaces are used to trim house dresses of thin material. On these ribbon-threaded insertions are sometimes set clusters of bows of narrow ribbon about ten or twelve inches apart. Lattice work of narrow ribbon or velvet, narrow flounces with puffed, ruffled or ribbon heading, plain rose ruchings of the material or full plaited ruchings of bias fringed-out goods are among the popular fancies. Very deep bands of embroidery are seen entirely around some of the new skirts, and plain hemmed draperies falling over clusters of ruffles set on a foundation skirt are liked by many.

•

Designers of fashions seem just now to be halting between opinions. The princesse dress is very much liked, and certainly it is one of the most becoming of all styles. Young ladies are simply going wild over puffs and ruffles, fancy corselet, folded belts, fluffy sashes and all of the fixings and filigrees that ingenuity can devise. If, perchance, there is a fitted vest, it is almost certain to be smothered in lace, tulle or some other thin material. The pointed bodice is much liked, and some of the new ones have box-plaited ruffles not over three inches wide at the edges. The bodice finished off a wide band of plain material covered with passementerie is also among the popular fancies. Fitted backs with loose fronts filled in with lace ruffles and ruchings are worn by dressy young women, and one of the latest novelties is a full-gathered section of material fastened with a bow at the back of the neck, the material divided into two parts, half of which is brought around to each side of the front and either tucked in under the edge of the bodice or confined with a large fancy buckle. There is an occasional empire dress, and this is one of the most charming and quaint of all designs.

•

An attractive model is made of brocaded silk. The skirt is in straight widths, with a ruching and butterfly bows at the hem, a narrow girdle-belt ribbon with long ends, very full sleeves puffed at the shoulders, a surplice arrangement of the waist and a vest with high, rolling collar of plain velvet. Plain velvet sleeves extend below the shoulder puffs to the wrists and are closed with a number of small buttons. An empire bonnet finishes this charming costume. A dress of moire, with bell skirt, has a bodice of silk mull which is made over a foundation. A band of chenille passementerie finishes the bodice at the edge, also the collar and the front of the waist. Short jacket fronts of velvet are set in at the arm holes, but do not extend over the tops of the shoulders in the front. Full puffed sleeves of the moire have wide, pointed cuffs of velvet. This is a specially attractive design for a young person with moderately full figure.

•

Falls of wide lace in bretelle fashion are now worn. Some are so wide that they suggest a cape; and when the lace is carried around over the shoulders and across the back of the neck below the collar, it almost takes the place of a dressy wrap.

•

A draped skirt, with blouse of wash-silk, a cut-away jacket which extends not quite to the waist-line at the back, and sleeves reaching to the elbows, with the blouse-sleeves below, is a pretty style for a young girl.

•

Some of the new bonnets are masses of velvet ribbon, velvet flowers and passementerie. A number of models are so heavy that it would be almost cruelty to expect a woman to wear them.

•

Dresses for little girls still remain long, some of them almost touching the floor. These, however, are more used for house-dresses, street garments being shorter and much less elaborate.

•

Very full-plaited collarettes of lace, mull, *crepe lisse* and other thin fabrics are mounted on ribbon bands and trimmed with long loops and ends of ribbon.

•

Embroidered shoes, with stockings matching the color of the ground of the shoe or some leading tint in the decoration, are quite popular.

•

Round yokes of galloon, with wide, round corselet belts also of galloon, are worn with dresses of cashmere and other thin woolen materials.

•

A shirred hat of dark-colored *crepe* over gold wire has a trimming of lace, wings and aigrettes.

•

The choker collar is quite the favorite. This style is seen on most of the tailor costumes.

•

Vests of lace shirred on daisy ribbon are much liked by young women.

•

A great deal of very elaborate and expensive passementerie is to be worn. LA MODE.

Sentences Passed by the Judge.

Fearlessness springs from ignorance as often as fear.

A dropped stitch is not always recovered in the next round.

When unexpected pleasures disappoint us we are none the less serene.

In consideration of *la maladie de perfection* with which some souls are born, fate sometimes in a softened mood grants one some perfect thing.

There is a fine point in the ethics of good breeding where attending to one's own business may pass the line of virtue and league itself with criminality.

It is your washiady who feels the necessity of adding the latest flounce to the bottom of her basque, and she will do it if her transverse axis suffers unnecessary increase thereby.

Summer Girls.

"So you have had some experience with men this summer."

"Well, yes. I refused seven and accepted five."

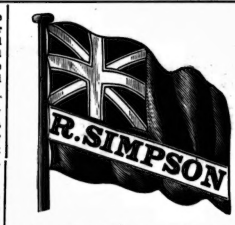
Palpitation.

American girl—Papa, what would I be called if I married an earl?

Rich father—Crazy.

A KEG OF OUR PORTER
IS BETTER THAN
A BARREL OF DRUGS
$1.50 A KEG
Spadina Brewary
Tel. 1363. Kensington Avenue.

MISS B. PATON DESIRES TO MAKE the announcement to her numerous friends and patrons that she is prepared to present for their consideration the very latest English, French and American fashions. Parisian dinner and evening dresses, designed by L. Michan, medalist, and Davoz's Fils, editeurs of the Paris *Toilette Journal de Mode*. Tailor-made suits and riding habits a specialty. MISS PATON
R. Walker & Sons, King St. East



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Mantles.

We carry a stock that calls for large store space to show it. You know our mantle rooms—take elevator. There's more than the average newness in mantle styles this year, Those made of mantesse cloth are tasty, and the frieze cloth coats, some with silk lapelles, others fur collar and trimming, are select. Fur-trimmed coats will be a good deal worn this season.

We never think our prices can be beaten. We give you, for example, a frieze cloth coat, with silk lapelle, for $5, and a fine serge coat, braided collar, $5. Three quarter lengths is the fashionable vogue.

Out-of-town shoppers can order mantles by letter. Full particulars for self measurement.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 2 Queen Street West.

NEW YORK GOODS

LADIES' OVERGAITERS
IN
Gray, Fawn, Tan, Seal Brown, Navy Blue and Black.
Prices range from
$1.00 to $1.75
79 King Street East

DRESSMAKING
Evening Dresses and Riding Habits
ALSO
Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles
Dressmakers' Magic Scale for Sale
With lessons or without.
Order Corsets to Measure
In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MISS CHUBB
256½ YONGE STREET
Just south of Trinity Square.

R. M. MELVILLE
Toronto General Steamship Agency
28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

R. SCORE & SON
LADIES' TAILORS
77 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

We have engaged Mr. D. Winfield, seven years head cutter with Marquis & Co., of London, Eng., and our Salon will be opened in a few days. Mr. R. J. Score has just returned from Europe with the very latest designs in Ladies' goods. Prices moderate.

Fashionable Milliner
MISS PAYNTER
3 King St. East
BEST FLAT
Ascend by Elevator

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF THE Latest Novelties AT
ARTISTIC MILLINERY
FRENCH Millinery Emporium
63 King Street West
(Up stairs)
MRS. BLACK Manager. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sent to any person with two bottles with complete instructions for use. Vaporizer brass, nickel plated, for $2.50. Facial massage with Hermoss, the gem of all toilet articles. Its value now outweighs all others. It is not sectified by quacks. Hermoss is a harmless antiseptic, destroying and removing the germs and poisons of all micro-organisms that grow and draw their sustenance from the human skin, thereby discoloring and marring its beauty. I use this for my steam, and Facialine white lambs wool oil for scissoring, cleansing and bleaching and nourishing the skin. I use the best that M. D's and Specialists can make and recommend. Every person taking a massage or manicure treatment will be given a free hot air antiseptic inhaling treatment, endorsed as the best specialty as a germ and microbe destroyer. The great question of to-day is not so much the cure as the prevention of disease. You need have no fear of choices if you try the TRIUMPH at C. SEXDMAN FIEROE'S Toilet Parlors, 5 King Street East.

The Crowning Glory of a Woman
is not her Dress, nor is it her Bonnet, but it is
HER HAIR

Which requires to be cultivated and taken care of just as much as our health. It is not a luxury to have a hair-dresser to take care of one's hair, but the hygienic principle demands it.

Any person can cut or shampoo the hair, but how it should be done they do not know. It requires many years schooling, study, practice and experience to understand the individual nature of the hair of each person.

It is only the refined class of ladies who patronize a hair-dresser, and not the common class, who would certainly think it a luxury to have the hair dressed by a hair dresser, from a pecuniary point of view.

The Hair is the secret agent who will tell all about its owner. The most ordinary observer can read it plainly, yet the owner will read others, but not her own hair.

The Hair is the principal factor of a lady's appearance, and can be cultivated, improved, preserved and dressed in fashionable styles at lady's own residence, or at our commodious Hair-dressing Parlors. Every lady has her own private parlor. Face Massage, Face Steaming and Manicure Parlor in connection. Consultation invited.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street
Telephone 2498 Toronto, Ont.

"UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
STANDARD DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.
Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.
Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.
Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are UNSURPASSED for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. Sold in every Town throughout the World. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.
E. IZOD & SON.
30, Milk St., London.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

CAUTION
Beware of imitations of
BABY'S OWN SOAP
The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

LADIES
ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREADS
The Best for All Purposes
Sold by All Dealers

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS.
We devote a full hour to each Face Massage, Filling out Hollow Cheeks and treating the skin for Wrinkles, Blackheads, Coarse Pores, etc.

We give GERMAN BATHS for THIN and NERVOUS LADIES, and scientifically develop the bust. Those who have grown smaller trying others are satisfied with our treatments.

We can reduce your flesh fifteen pounds in a month and keep you feeling perfectly well. Best of references given.

We have studied Dermatology thoroughly and are the only genuine skin specialists, outside of physicians, in the city. Ladies are requested to make appointments, as our increasing business demands so much time. All questions cheerfully answered at 145½ Yonge Street. Send stamp for "Aids to Beauty."
MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 145½ YONGE STREET.

No. 6123 PAPER AND ENVELOPE HOLDER

ARTISTIC DESIGNS
IN
Sterling Silver
AND
Electro Silver Plate
MANUFACTURED BY
The Toronto Silver Plate Co.
A large line of Novelties and Specialties suitable for Wedding and Christmas Presents, many of which are not duplicated. The quality of all goods is guaranteed.
Factories and Salesrooms: 570 King Street West,
E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager. JNO. C. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

HANDSOME FEET
Are those dressed in
McPherson's Stylish Footwear
Ours are the Nobby Shoes
GEORGE McPHERSON
186 YONGE STREET

Telephone 1551

A LOVELY FACE
Is in most cases produced by the aid of artistic hair dressing. The lovely fall styles for ladies' wear is new and pretty shapes in Bangs, Wavelets and Switches have been very much admired by all who visited Dorenwend's during the Fair. Ladies and gentlemen requiring Hair Goods Coverings should not miss seeing the magnificent selection. Ladies can have their hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, &c., on the premises by competent artists.
Dorenwend's
Paris Hair Works
103 and 105 Yonge St.
Toronto

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
EXTRA VALUE IN CARPETS
GIVE US A CALL
FALL HOUSE-CLEANING
Remember our Hygienic Carpet Cleaner is the only reliable process in the city.
All kinds of upholstering and repairing promptly attended to.
J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BETROTHAL.

That evening in the parlor not a word about the new lodger was said between John Crane and Edith Orr.

"If you walk into the shop hand in hand with me, your mother will understand," said Crane. "I have spoken to her."

Edith held out her hand to him, and they passed through the doorway. They walked up to the counter behind which Mrs. Orr sat. The mother flushed, and rose, trembling, as she saw the only child of her afflicted widowhood, the only hope of her failing life, hand in hand with the man. Although all her hopes were in this match, and she had guessed Crane would speak to night, the new marvel of her bright and beautiful daughter came upon her unawares. She felt with a keen and terrible pang that the last great duty of her life was at an end. Her child, her only child, the idol of her heart, had found a new guardian, and the desolating feeling of being deposed and rendered superfluous struck her with a dear cold chill. "I am now old," she thought, "and of no use. There is only the grave before me."

Crane bowed over the girl's hand and kissed it, and placed it on the hand of the mother.

Mrs. Orr raised it to her lips and kissed it, too, and laid it against her breast, covering it with her own worn, thin hands. She held it against the breast to which she had held the head of the infant years ago. She covered up the hand now to shield it from imaginary harm, as she had covered up the head in those far off days which now seemed only yesterday, imagining death and violence. She had then thought of herself, "Nothing shall take my child from me. I would die rather than lose my child." Now she thought to herself, "I have lost my child and there is nothing for me but to die."

The girl drew her hand away, and running behind the counter caught the old woman in her arms, and the two burst into tears and sobs, and the note of tragedy was lost in the voice of grief. There was no joy in the girl's heart yet. She was now, in the first moments of her unrehearsed betrothal, the maiden torn from her mother's breast, going she knew not whither, snatched away by inscrutable fates and seized by a destiny she did not understand.

John Crane turned away and moved towards the glass door looking into Muscovy place. The scene between the two women shook him. He knew it meant the beginning of something and the end of something great and august in life. He thought of marriage soberly and seriously; but he had not come that evening prepared for a final renunciation of her daughter by the mother, or for the complete deliverance which Edith had made of herself to him. He had thought of no more than settling matters with Edith as men settle a business affair in advance; he had prepared himself for no more than asking this girl if she would marry him when the good time came, when he was fully ready. She had said yes, and (incomprehensible condescension!) had, of her own free will, offered him her lips to kiss! That one action on her part, the most spontaneous offer of her lips to him, had wrought a revolution in his mind. It seemed to give him a right to Edith Orr. It seemed to make her in one instant his own, as though they had been fast married for a long time. He felt overwhelmed at that moment, and confused now as he looked out into Muscovy place. He was aware of a strange solemnity in the scenes of the parlor and the shop, and to prevent profanation he drew the bolts on the front door, securing the two women from strangers.

Gradually a change took place in the mind of the mother. The body of her daughter was still in her clasp, living and warm. Edith, with all her grace and beauty and sweet wholesomeness and great-hearted cheerful spirit, was in her arms. Edith had not gone away bodily, and there was no sign she had gone away in spirit. All that had happened was that Edith, young Edith, had shifted her main allegiance from the mother who was old and feeble, whose duties had been discharged, to the man who was young and vigorous, whose duties were just beginning. The cares of a mother were at an end, but the fact of her motherhood remained and was eternal.

And now here was Edie, her own, her only child, weeping and sobbing! Pain was a mother's portion and love her privilege, and the joys of love outmeasure the pains and the joys of day outmeasure the fears of night. God made the heart of a mother and pitied that heart in its partings from its young, and God has wiser ends than we can see; and pain for the loss of a child is a mystery beyond man, but deep and sweet in the final justice of God all things are right and will be made plain in the everlasting time. All things are done in the eye of God, and all things that fall out here in the ordinary course of nature will seem just and just and merciful in the hereafter. Of what consequence, after all, is an old woman! and here is her child, her Edie, weeping and sobbing in her arms. The first feeling in a mother is to make light of her own trials, so that her child may have peace and joy and sunshine without stint or cost.

Thus the mother's heart sang its wonderful, mysterious psalm of life over the loss of her daughter in the second great bereavement of her years. And having looked with eyes of faith into the inscrutable ways of heaven, she looked back at earth and Edie, her pain is a mother's portion, and love her privilege, and Edie was still here for love.

"There! there! there!" said the mother, in a chiding tone, "what on earth is the girl crying for! Why, it's only a few minutes since he spoke to you! It can't be you have been quarrelling already! If your eyes, child, you don't be a goose. Mr. Crane has told me all about it; and, of course, he had my consent to speak or he wouldn't have said a word to you, for he is an honorable man. Go to him and speak to him, or he will think us a pair of geese. Go to your man."

The girl rose and straightened herself, pushed the golden brown hair out of her eyes, and glanced around with a scared look. The last words of her mother, "Go to your man," gave a ruck strangely, fearfully upon her ears. Was it possible such a being lived as "her man?" An hour ago no such person existed. Had her past few minutes, a few trifling actions and words called him into existence out of nothing, and given shape to his soul, his love, his man—the supreme creature of all her life? She had thought of love and romance, but only as things to read of in books, and dream about when gazing idly from the window on the flowing Thames. She had thought of marriage merely as an institution at which to wonder. She always regarded it as abstract and apart from her, as something of which she was destined to hear all her life but never to know except by hearsay.

Yet here was it, or, at least, the shadow of it come on her at once, without a moment's warning, and he whom her mother called "her man" was not at all like any hero she had dreamed of as she watched the gray Thames flowing upward to the mighty city!

True, she had often thought of John Crane, but never once as a hero or a lover. Indeed, she had never thought of a lover at all. She had dreamed of a hero who should be the lover of some idealized being, not unlike herself; and she had made speeches for this idealized other self to speak to that hero. Never once had she thought of John Crane using the lofty and gallant words which issued from the lips of the heroes of her dreams. It would be absurd for anyone to put such words into his mouth, or, in fact, into the mouth of any mere man, or anyone who was not the hero of a dream. To the lofty and gallant speeches of her hero, the heroine of her dreams had always uttered dutiful spirit words of melancholy denial. And yet, but a few hours after one of those imaginary dismissals of one of those shadowy suitors, came plain, unheroic John Crane, and she had promised to be his wife, and her mother had spoken of him as "her man."

Edith felt for a while as if these scenes must be the dreams, and those that had passed before her as she gazed out on the Thames must be the reality. Surely, she wondered would this dream pass away when the next vessel sailed by, or the next omnibus whistled, or the ferry boat—the huge, shaggy, iron monster—stole out from the shore and began its stealthy crawl to the other side.

The words of Mrs. Orr caused John Crane to turn round, and then he saw Edith standing against the counter and staring into the air with half frightened eyes.

Crane looked about helplessly for something to divert the thoughts of all, and found it in the portmanteau, which he had not noticed earlier.

"A portmanteau," he said with a smile. "Which of you is going a journey? Neither of you goes away often."

"Oh," said Mrs. Orr, rising, drying her eyes and throwing briskness and vivacity into her manner, to escape the grave air depressing the three, "that does not belong either Edie or me and neither of us is going a journey. That's Mr. Fancourt's, the new lodger's portmanteau."

Crane's face, which had broadened into a smile, dropped. "Has he taken up possession already? Is he upstairs?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Orr. "Edie got rid of him for to-night. She told him we had no servant and he said he would go back to his old lodgings. Edie says we mustn't have him at all. He gave no references and I asked for none. I got a fright when your letter came, I can tell you." Up to this her manner was serious enough. She added, with an off-hand gesture, "But, of course, Edie told you all this in the parlor. It was in order that she might tell you about Mr. Fancourt I asked you to step in with her. I am afraid you lost your time there."

"No," he said, "we did not lose our time in there; we found one another."

By this time Edith had restored her hair to order and her mind to comparative composure. "Mr. Fancourt told us he should be here to-morrow," said she, coming round from behind the counter to show her mother and herself she was not afraid of her man, and to show him, not that she was no fool (for she felt certain he knew as much) but that she trusted him not to make a fool of himself about her when he came near him. Afterwards she wondered how it had come to be that in the few minutes which elapsed between his speaking to her in the parlor and her coming round to him from behind the counter, she had, as if by inspiration or by intuition, gained an insight into his nature and could tell she might trust him not to behave with boisterousness or levity. She did not go near him as a test, but for a confirmation of her estimate of him.

"When she stood beside him he said, "You will not care to see Mr. Fancourt here. Where shall I put it for you?" He looked her full in the face as though he had asked her a question about her mother's business. "Shall I carry it upstairs?"

She smiled a smile of pride in him. Now she knew he was "her man." Now she felt the dreams fading away, now recognized the presence of the master of her fate. No shyness was in her open and candid nature. She was his and he was hers and all the world besides counted as nothing to her. "Not upstairs," she said gaily. "If Mr. Fancourt found it above he might think he had a right to be there himself. Put it in the parlor." She looked around at her mother for confirmation and discovered with a shock of pain that already her mother had retired into some half-illumined background, had been deposed from supreme authority in her own life, and that even now she looked to the man beside her for guidance.

"That will be the best place, John," said Mrs. Orr, smiling and nodding slyly; "it seems to me the parlor is the best place for everything."

Crane flushed slightly; that may have been caused by stooping, seizing and raising the portmanteau, or it may have arisen from the unpleasant and humiliating confusion of a man who keeps his heart to himself on finding even friendly sport made of his secret mind, or it may have been a flush of joy and pleasure at having the possession of his great prize thus acknowledged. Anyway, he said nothing, but carrying the portmanteau by the two leather handles followed Edith into the back room.

He dropped his burden heavily on the floor, the rotten old straps gave way, and the portmanteau fell open. Out tumbled something at his feet.

With an exclamation of surprise and alarm, Crane sprang back as though the portmanteau had disgorged writhing snakes.

"What on earth is it?" cried the girl, drawing back also.

"Look!" Crane cried excitedly, pointing at what had fallen out. "A bank of rope!—a bank of rope strong enough to bear a man! What could one of Fancourt's appearance want with it, but for the purpose of robbery—for the purpose of robbing this house?"

"But how?" asked Edith. "I don't see how the rope could help him."

"What could be simpler? Here is a jeweler's in which there is no man. This Fancourt does not know but that there are thousands of pounds worth in the place. He comes to lodge here. He gets the valuables out of the safe and lowers them into a boat on the river. I think the police ought to be informed."

The girl started back in dismay. "What an escape," she cried, "and to think we had absolutely let him come to him! There is no doubt of it, he must be a thief. I distrusted his manners. He is double faced, I am sure, though he is very handsome and has agreeable manners. But when he found after your letter came that the rooms were not all right, he behaved in a most extraordinary way. However we have to manage it I don't know, but he must not have the rooms."

"No," said Crane very seriously, "and I think some enquiries ought to be made about him."

"Enquiries by whom?"

"Well, we shall see."

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE GHOST OF THAT WOMAN."

For a long time after Jeaters had read what was written on the paper he found stuck in the frame of his wife's dressing glass, he did not move away from the table. He stood, swaying backward and forward like a drunken man. Every moment it took as though his legs would give way beneath him.

At last he staggered to a chair and sat down. The few words written on that paper were in a shaky hand. They ran:

"DARLING FRANK,—When you were gone my terrors were worse than ever upon me. I felt I should go mad or fling myself into the river. If I am alive when you get this I shall be in one of the upper rooms.

"Your frantic

"POLLIE."

Jeaters was now suffering from reaction and a smouldering and tumultuous feeling which he could not define or express, but which was of the nature of anger desiring revenge.

"Twice," he thought furiously. "I have gone through the terror of the worst—once when she was only sleep-walking, and now that she has of her waking action inflicted this dreadful terror on me."

She had now, according to his present mind, done him deliberate wrong in leading him to think she was dead. That was an injury no man could stand, no man could overlook.

He kept harping on this imaginative injury to dull all other feeling, to work himself into a fury over his wrongs, so that he might have no space in his mind for thought of his own conduct or designs. Pollie had done him wrong, and she should hear of it. He hugged this injury to his soul with all his force, that it might exasperate him and prevent him casting one backward glance on his own thoughts or actions. He had a grievance, a terrible grievance, against his wife, and in his present condition a grievance was an antidote to the poison of his own criminal mind.

When he had recovered somewhat he rose from his chair, and, taking the lamp from the dressing-table, went out into the great hall. He approached the trap with the intention of closing it, caught the handle in his hand, paused, and muttered:

"No. I shall be able to make use of the fact that the trap was open, and I shall leave it open to encourage the use."

He turned away from the hole and began slowly ascending the stairs, lashing himself into fierce anger at every step.

"The notion of Pollie playing this shameful trick on me—on me, who never showed anything but kindness to her since I first knew her. The idea of her giving me such a fright, just merely because she has some foolish childish fear of the river, of the water, as though the water were a wild beast that could come up out of its bed and creep upon her in the dark and strike her dead. Monstrous idiocy on her part! Intolerable behavior towards one who always tried to lift her up out of her miserable superstitions and always treated her with kindness and affection!"

Around the great hall there ran a gallery, off which the four great corridors of the first floor branched. He paused on the top of the stairs and called roughly, but gave no answer. Then going round the gallery he shouted down each of the corridors into the chill dark recesses of the ghostly house.

"It is an infernal shame that the foolish whim of this woman should give me all this worry and trouble."

He was dropping the terrible out of the whole affair. It had already sunk to a matter of "worry and trouble." Of course, if Pollie's flight upstairs was to be considered as having no more serious aspect or result than the worry and trouble it caused, what he had thought or done might be looked on as commonplace deeds or thoughts.

He ascended to the floor above. He was now above the roof of the great hall, and on the highest floor of guest chambers. The servants' apartments, offices, kitchens and store rooms were higher still.

Here again he called down the echoing, dark, ghostly, cold corridors, and was about to ascend to the top floor when a voiceless figure appeared at the top of the flight of stairs and began descending.

Although he was prepared for that figure and for no other, the sight of his wife overcame him and he almost let the lamp drop.

"Pollie!" he cried in a gentle, startled tone, "is that you?"

"Yes," she answered in a dreary, weak voice. She said no more. She came down to where he stood and gazed wearily into his eyes.

He held up the lamp so that it shone in her face. "Were you very frightened?" he asked softly. "Are you quite worn out?"

"I am very frightened and I am very tired," she answered.

"You will be all right when you get downstairs and eat something, and know that I am safe and sound to-night."

"I hope so," she said, with a weak, unmeaning smile. She put out one hand to the balustrade for support, and extended the other to shield her eyes from the light of the lamp.

"The light of the lamp hurts you, and you are weak," he said. "I wonder you have strength to get up so high. I'll leave the lamp away from you. Will you take my arm?"

She took his arm in silence.

It was he—the man, who was now afraid. Afraid of what he could not half guess. Afraid of something the like of which he had never met before. Afraid of something wholly unusual and unnatural. Of all the violent things he had arranged to say to her not one word escaped him. In all he said there had not been a trace of displeasure, not to speak of anger, in his voice. He did not know what to make of her, except it was that reason had left her. Yet her replies, although of the briefest, had been perfectly logical and rational. She had displayed neither gladness nor displeasure on seeing him, and she had used no word of endearment the whole time. There was the most astonishing change of all, for often and often he had playfully told her she ought to practice saying yes and no, without fear or other term of affection. And now not one word of the kind, although he had not seen her for a whole day.

Again, he noticed that she volunteered nothing, not a syllable; she who was always so volub'e.

He looked at her face. It was changed, too. It looked like waxed clay. It was gray and dull, like the face of an old sallow woman, and yet clear and transparent, or smooth and shiny enough to make it difficult to say which is the waning light of the lamp. Her weight, also, upon his arm was disconcerting, enough to make one uncomfortable. It was more the weight of a woman or of a child, but of mere clothes.

"You feel ill, Pollie?" he asked apprehensively, as they reached the great hall.

"No," she answered listlessly.

"Only a little weak and tired?" he said encouragingly. "When you have rested and eaten something, and you know I am not going out to-night, and I light my pipe and tell you all the good news I have about ourselves, and how we shall be soon getting out of this you will be quite well and jolly, won't you dear?"

"I hope so," she said, with that strange unreal smile.

She reached the little sitting-room, and he placed her on the couch and put the lamp on the table. He moved about, getting things for supper. He deliberately made a good deal of noise. It might be she would rouse up and offer to help him. But she did not. She lay back on the couch, drew her feet up on it and closed her eyes.

"What would you like to eat? or shall I get you a little wine? I know you have a feeling against drinking wine, and the doctor says better none as a rule; but this is an exceptional occasion, and I think a little would do you good. Here now, open your eyes, sit up, eat and drink this." He held a glass in his hand and put his arm under her head to raise it.

"No, no. I can neither eat nor drink."

"But you must eat something. You are not very well to-night, Pollie. You are not yourself at all to-night. You must do something, or you will be very ill."

"If I could only sleep," she said, with that strange smile.

"Shall I carry you in and put you to bed?"

"Yes."

He took her in his arms and carried her into the bedroom. He thought he never felt anything human so light. He helped her to undress, and into bed.

"Now will you have a little wine, dear heart?" he said.

"No."

"Or some milk with a spoonful of brandy in it?"

"No."

"Or, sweetheart, a cup of plain milk?"

"No."

"Can I get nothing for you?"

"No. If I could only sleep."

"Then, love, shall I sit with you here or go away?"

She closed her eyes and answered wearily, "As you please."

Still no word of endearment, not even his name. She had not called him his name since he had found her at the top of the stairs in this vast, dreary house.

"Shall I take the lamp or leave it with you?"

"As you please."

He left the lamp on the table and walked into the other room. He did not put the matter in words, but did not think of the matter at all as affecting life, but he felt Pollie was dying.

"The doctors did not expect anything sudden," he thought, "but they all thought her case was pretty nearly hopeless. It will be a horrible thing if she dies here. She can not last till morning, I am sure. Why, if she dies here, there is sure to be a lot of trouble, and in a case of this kind, if a man doesn't get medical aid all kinds of things are said. Of course I have had the best medical aid, and I can get the Hoxton man, and the Harley street man if they are wanted, but it will be a lot of worry. Nothing, of course, can do any good. But I did not think the end would be so soon.

"I did not put down the trap-door before I went in search of her, for I intended punishing her for her folly in going upstairs by telling her the trap must have been opened by the spirit of that woman." Cold her of last night. Opened by the ghost of a woman who never existed!"

He sat an hour—more than an hour, smoking and thinking, and trying not to think.

He was waiting for a cry, but no cry came.

At last a sound!

He threw back his head, took his pipe out of his mouth, and listened.

The door of the bed-room had opened and he could hear the light footsteps of one treading on the marble floor. He rose with stealthy caution and opened the sitting room door. The light of the lamp from both rooms combined and made a lane of light across the tesselated floor of the vast cavernous hall.

Down that lane of light the figure of a woman was moving across the floor, away from the bed-room door, away from the right-hand side of the hall—moving slowly towards the open trap.

"Who is it?" asked he, in a whisper, although the fair hair he knew so well, and had praised so often, hung down the white nightgown behind.

"It must be the ghost of that woman," said he fiercely, in a low whisper; "it must be the ghost of that woman." With noiseless feet he followed the fragile white figure across the hall.

"It is a ghost, beyond all doubt, but where is it going? To the trap. Ah, someone must have been drowned there—some woman, and the place is haunted still. She is going closer to the trap. She will slowly descend it now and vanish.

"Ah!

"Save me, Frank!"

"Ah, God!"

The white figure shot down the trap with a heavy thud, followed by a rushing noise, and then, after an interval, a dull and distant sound, which seemed far away.

Jeaters fell like a stone.

(To be Continued.)

Beaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains absolutely the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank among the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Horne Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haines, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

Bright Prospects.

Charley—Gosh, Chumley! you look worried. Chumley—I am; my sweetheart telegraphs me that her old lover is following her around with a gun, and that she wants me there for protection.

A Railway Manager Says:

"In reply to your question, do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion? I say no! On the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

In His Line.

"Here's an illuminated missal for you," remarked the wife of the book-collector, as she threw a lighted lamp at her husband's head.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD
for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers and brain-workers generally.

No Drawback.

"The trouble with my boss is that he makes me do every blamed thing his way."

"I wish mine would. I'd lunch at Webb's every day and go home at four o'clock."

DON'T WORRY ABOUT The Washing
TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP

It will save you much trouble
It will bring you comfort and ease
It will save your clothes and hands
It does not require washing powders
It will wash in either hard or soft water
It cannot injure the most delicate skin or fabric
Its purity and excellence have given it the largest sale in the world

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS THERE IS ONLY ONE Sunlight Soap

WORKS: PT. SUNLIGHT NEAR BIRKENHEAD LEVER BROS., LIMITED TORONTO

At Its True Value.

The manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, Mr. Alfred Roberts, 79 King street West, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure remedy for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, &c., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the oil in my house for double the amount charged." Well worth it.

Unfortunate Susie.

"Sue made a bad break to-day, didn't she?" asked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Emerson of Boston; "she manufactured a serious fracture."

Double Meaning.

'Mandy (peeping in)—I'm so glad to see John prayin'. I hain't seen him doin' it fer nigh forty years.

John (*sotto voce*)—Blame that collar-button!

It Came in Well.

She—What did yo' git yo' new tennis coat, Mr. Armstrong?

Mr. Armstrong (late of Sing Sing)—Hit's de one dat I broke out wif.

Another Fyne Shaving.

She—How did you get on at college?

He—Didn't get on at all. It was the faculty that got on, and I got out.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH TEABERRY PRICE 25 CENTS. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

PATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste FOR CLEANING THE TEETH 30 YEARS IN USE

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO. CHAR KE CHARCOAL TORONTO TEA BIRCHMANTS
AGENCIES 489 Parliament Street 463 1-2 Yonge Street 278 College Street PARKDALE 1462 Queen Street West
63 1-2 King St. West. Telephone 1507

Paul Rayne's Estate.

"A pretty place! Well, yes, I flatter myself it is a pretty place now. I am wondering why I should take any credit to myself about it, but explaining that involves the story I promised you.

Mr. Montgomery settled himself more comfortably in his arm-chair, and his companion said:

"Ah, yes! The romantic story of the Rayne estate. I have not forgotten that promise."

"Yes! Old genius, Rayne! We went to college together and were always good friends. When he went abroad, after his father died, he gave me charge of all his affairs, for he was wealthy. The house and grounds we passed this morning are a part of the old estate, the house one of the oldest in the country. There are some bits of English furniture there, brought over before the Revolution, that would make a collector's mouth water. It was an old-fashioned place when Paul Rayne's father died, and as Paul had a handsome house in Philadelphia and a large income, it was not surprising that he did not care to bury himself at Pooleville. But he married, and lost his wife and two children with a malignant fever. Then he came back to the old place. He was not alone. Herman Rayne, the son of his brother, long dead, came with him, and also his wife's sister, a terrible cripple, whose mind was enfeebled and body mutilated by a fall.

"Not to weary you too much with details, this was the family ten years ago when Paul Rayne died: Paul himself, Miss Henderson, the crippled sister-in law, Mrs. Clifford, the housekeeper, two servants and last, but far from least, Lottie Henderson, an orphan niece of the late Mrs. Rayne. Herman was in Paris, finishing his medical studies.

"For years before his death, Paul Rayne was a recluse, a student from love of knowledge for its own sake. He wrote no books, sought no opportunity to share what he learned and seemed to have no interest in life outside of his home. But in that home he made it one alm of his monotonous existence to train Lottie in intellectual pursuits. Bless my life! I can see that baby now, before she was seven years old, sitting at the great library-table, studying Ollendorf's grammar. She would slip away when I engaged her uncle in conversation, and the next time I saw her would be rolling pie crust for Mrs. Clifford or knitting socks on the porch.

"She was the loveliest little creature I ever knew, and Paul Rayne loved her as if she had been his own child. Yet, with the strange fatality so often met in my profession, he kept putting off and putting off making a new will and leaving her independent. He ot en talked of it.

"'Of course, I want Lottie to marry Herman,' he would say; 'but I shall not make any conditions. I will leave her this house and thirty thousand dollars; and poor Clara'—that was Miss Henderson—'must have a life income out of the estate.'

"But one morning, when Lottie was only nineteen, Paul Rayne was found dead in his study chair, and the only will in existence was an old one, made before Lottie came to Pooleville, leaving everything to Herman Rayne.

"'I suppose I must go away,' the poor child Lottie said to me after the funeral.

"'Wait until I hear from Paris,' I said; for I hoped Herman Rayne would carry out his uncle's intentions. He was a wealthy man from his father's share of the Rayne property, and I hoped he would not let Miss Henderson or Lottie suffer for his uncle's neglect.

"I was not altogether pleased with his letter, but Lottie was delighted.

"'I shall not live at Pooleville,' he wrote, 'and certainly should not care to have Miss Henderson of a home. Will not Lottie stay, as her companion, at any salary you think right?'

"Lottie, as I said, was well pleased to stay; but you must let me explain, my poor regrets. At eighteen Lottie was beautiful, a pure blonde, tall, graceful and refined to the very tips of her aristocratic little fingers. For years the loving pupil of a devoted teacher, her acquirements were rather masculine, but few women choosing the course of study she had pursued. Her music was her one recreation, and that she never had been taught. She played and sang by ear alone, but she had wonderful talent and power.

"With all her knowledge of languages, of deep research into many abstruse studies, she was no bookworm. Mrs. Clifford had trained her in all her womanly arts, of sewing and housekeeping; and she was essentially womanly in disposition and tastes.

"Now, it did not please me to have this lovely, winsome girl, at the very portals of womanhood, shut up in a gloomy house, a mile from any other residence, the companion of an imbecile woman and the servant of a crippled and beauty of the house and grounds, to day. Ten years ago it was the most dark and lonely abode you can imagine. Tall trees surrounded the house on all sides, shutting out all sunlight; the garden was a mere tangle of weeds and flowers, growing as they would; the furniture was old and gloomy, and the only new things in the house were some of the books and the grand piano.

"And there Lottie lived, devoting her time to the care of a feeble, imbecile cripple, whose only spark of reason seemed to be love for the girl. She would listen while Lottie sang or played, beating time with her poor feeble hands, nodding and smiling; she would play backgammon, with frightful disregard for all rule, but never exhaus ing Lottie's patience. Much of the time she slept, and then Lottie studied.

"'For,' she said to me, 'of course I cannot stay here always and I want to fit myself to teach.'

"We seldom coaxed her out, because, although she was cheerful and patient, she grieved for her adopted uncle as for a father, and her deep mourning was an excuse for declining all invitations. Being an old bachelor, in a boarding-house, I could offer no hospitality. But she was fond of me, called me 'Uncle Robert,' and I had not neglected my will as my old friend had done, though she had no claim upon me.

"Paul Rayne had been six months dead when Doctor Gardiner came to Pooleville. He brought letters from Herman Rayne to one and to old Doctor Wilcox, our only medical authority before he came. Doctor Wilcox was delighted with him. Although past thirty, he was a doctor of the kind that are born, not made, and soon proved his skill in some obstinate chronic cases.

"'I shall retire now, Montgomery,' the doctor said to me, rubbing his hands together. 'I could not make up my mind to do it before, but Dr. Gardiner will more than fill my place. Why, think of it! I took him over to see Miss Henderson to-day, and he has already told me of a contrivance that will enable her to walk a little. There cannot be much done for her, poor thing, but he can relieve some of her suffering.'

"And I soon found Dr. Wilcox was right. New scientific discoveries had thrown some light upon the injuries the poor old lady had received, and Dr. Gardiner installed himself as family physician.

"As there were two Miss Hendersons, and one of them by no means an invalid, I appointed myself dragon-in-chief, and watched Dr. Gardiner closely. But my heart warmed to him, he was so cordial, so gentlemanly and so devoted to his patients. Every case was as carefully tended as if it was the only one, and patients were friends from the beginning. His purse was open for all distress, and I could never calculate the charity he exercised, both professionally and privately.

"It did not surprise me that Lottie soon began to brighten up when the doctor paid his daily visit to her aunt. Although Mrs. Clifford was a perfect Mrs. Grundy for propriety, always being in attendance, the young hearts, it was evident were mutually attracted, and I began to build castles in the air for my favorite.

"It was springtime when Dr. Gardiner came to Pooleville and during the summer he most certainly made the burden of life far more endurable to poor Miss Henderson, while Lottie's pale cheeks bloomed anew in the added air and exercise she obtained in attending her aunt on the walks and long drives the doctor ordered for her.

"But, in the winter, a long standing lung complaint, from which Miss Henderson suffered, developed into consumption, and there was no hope she would see another summer. She failed very gradually, very painlessly. Even I, who saw her nearly every day, could scarcely mark the steps that were leading her from her narrow, suffering life to the more perfect one beyond the grave.

"Lottie was the most faithful nurse, loving and devoted, and the invalid clung to her with a trust that was very touching. It had always been Lottie's pride to have her aunt neatly and tastefully dressed, and she was doubly careful now that the confinement to the house gave her an excuse for invalidish costumes. The softest of white, knit shawls was always draped over the white, embroidered wrapper, and the snowy hair smoothly folded under pretty lace caps. Herman Rayne had allowed his charge an ample income, and Lottie conscientiously devoted it to the invalid's sole use.

"March was nearly over when Miss Henderson died. The day after the funeral I was writing to Herman Rayne, when Dr. Gardiner came into my office.

"'I am writing to Rayne,' I said. 'Have you any message?'

"'None. You are telling him of Miss Henderson's death?'

"'Yes; and I think now he ought to do something for Lottie. Of course, as her nominal occupation is gone, she cannot stay where she is.'

"'No. I have just left her. You must have seen, long ago, that I loved her.'

"'I suspected it.'

"'Twice before I have asked her to be my wife, but she thought her duty compelled her to devote her life to her aunt. That duty over, she consented to be my wife, but she loves me.'

"'I am heartily glad,' I said.

"'Thanks,' was the quick, cordial reply. 'You are her best friend, I know. But'—and he smiled—'you need not send that letter all the way to Paris, merely to come back. Have my nine years abroad entirely changed the man Robert?'

"And then I recognized him.

"'Herman Rayne!' I cried. 'I have been sure before this that you and I had met somewhere before, but I did not place you. Queer, too, for I knew your mother's name was Gardiner and yours Herman Gardiner Rayne. Well, well, it is all as my old friend would have it. Does Lottie know?'

"'I told her to-day. We will walk over to the church this afternoon, Uncle Robert. Will you be there, to give the bride away? I must return to Paris for a few months; so that will be our wedding trip.'

"And then, continued the old lawyer, "explains why I say I flatter myself that the old house is so improved. Herman Rayne asked me to make it a home for them when they should return to Pooleville, and they reside here most of the time. Sometimes they spend a few winter weeks in Philadelphia, but their work is here.'

"Their work!"

"Yes, they are no drones in the world's hive. Herman Rayne devotes himself to his profession and the study of diseases caused by want and the remedies as far as science will aid them. His wife is his earnest, efficient helpmeet, and their large wealth flows freely in all charitable work. They have no children, and devote their time and money to the poor and suffering. Pooleville will probably have a hospital on the site of the Rayne estate, when the hands now governing it are still and cold."

The old lawyer paused a moment, and then added:

"It was all well for Lottie! But I still say that Paul Rayne showed a culpable neglect when he failed to make a will and that all men so situated should think seriously of the responsibility they shirk by leaving such a duty too long neglected."—*New York Ledger.*

Indian Inquisitiveness.

Written for Saturday Night.

Some people think that an Indian boy is not prone to ask questions, but to those who know him and of whom he is not shy he is a very different individual. The following is vouched for by a teacher of one of our Indian industrial schools, who was taking some boys on a trip in which it was necessary to camp out.

We had dug a trench around the tent in fear of rain, and as the boys seemed rather dubious about its necessity we ventured to remark as all rolled in their blankets to go to sleep, that soldiers always dug trenches about their tents before night. Now came the questions.

"Soldiers! I thought soldiers always lived in Fort at Winnipeg.

"We see the prospect of a lively hour and feel sleepy, but it is necessary to say something, so we reply.

"Yes, but they sleep in tents when they go to war.

"How many soldiers has the Queen got over the whole world?"

"About five hundred thousand."

"How much wages does a soldier get?"

"About fifty cents a day and his board and clothes."

"When do they get paid? When they are going to fight?

"No, when they come back."

"Don't they all get killed?"

"Oh, no; some come back."

"If they get killed who gets the money"

"Their wives or children."

"Do soldiers have a wives?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Where do they stay in the fight? In the tents?"

"No, they generally stay at home in the barracks." (Oh, will that boy stop.)

"Is the barracks like the school? That man away there, he say, 'That old barracks of a school.'"

Here is a difficulty to be got out of, so we sail in. "You see, a good many soldiers stop together, so they have to have a big house and the school is a big house and so they call it by the same name."

"Big buildings is barracks. Is the cathedral a barracks?"

You think of the cathedral with its light spire stretching away up into the fleecy clouds, its harmonious interior and artistic brasswork and you say: "No, the cathedral isn't like a house. It's a church. We don't call churches barracks."

"Do soldiers go to church?"

"Yes, every Sunday."

"When they're fighting?"

"Well, then the clergyman goes with them."

"Does he fight, too?"

"No, he stays in the doctor to look after the wounded soldiers."

"Does he wear his surplice?"

"No, not then."

"How long does's take to be a clergyman?"

"If you've been to school a good while, about ten years more."

"Got to read hard words?"

"Yes." (Will that boy ever go to sleep.)

"Do big sums I guess?"

"Yes, very hard." (Wakeful as ever.)

"When does clergymans take a wives?"

"Whenever he likes."

(Happy thought) "Does clergymans marry themselves?"

Just at this point, endurance had about come to an end and fortunately the burst of the oncoming shower made everyone turn his attention to see that no rain got on his particular blanket—and then came sleep.

Middle Church, Manitoba. IOTA NORTH.

New Mexico for Pulmonary Troubles.

It will interest our readers to hear from people well known in this city who went to New Mexico for their health.

We are permitted to copy the following interesting letter:

CHICAGO, September 9, 1892.

J. F. DANTER, M.D.,
41 Murray street, Toronto, Canada.

I have just heard from my cousin, the Rev. Archibald McIntyre, who left Toronto for Raton, New Mexico. He is doing remarkable well and regaining health fast. I also heard from my friend, Dr. E. A. Thorpe of San Marcial, N.M., who has gained 50 lbs. in weight since living in New Mexico for one year.

Yours sincerely, J. E. MILLAR,
677 Wabash avenue.

P.S.—Mr. McIntyre left for Denver, but found that unsuitable, so went farther into New Mexico. J. H. M.

Mr. McIntyre was for years in the post-office of Toronto, superintendent of the delivery department, and it is believed injured his health by close application and hard study. We are pleased to know that he is regaining his health.

Jones Talks to Pastors.

The Rev. Sam Jones addressed the Baptist pastors of St. Louis one day last week. The ministers laughed heartily at Jones' remarks.

Jones said that it was true that the rich were getting richer and the poor were getting poorer, and it was also true that the good were getting better and the bad were getting worse.

There may be more good men now than there ever were, but there are also more bad men and worse ones, he said. The great trouble was that the devil's forces were thoroughly organized.

They are consecrated to their Master's work, Jones said, and they are self-sacrificing and energetic, while the church is illy organized and is imbued with levity and inactivity.

It is true, he said, that there are Baptist and Methodist and Presbyterian organizations world without end.

Their engines, however, have no steam, they have no coal, and very few of them except the Baptists have any water.

Sin, Mr. Jones went on to say, is a disease, and Christ is the healer, but not one in a hundred of the ministers know how to use Christ's medicine.

"If the doctors practiced medicine with as little knowledge of what they are doing," he said, "as the ministers practiced spiritual healing, I'd hate to see an epidemic strike this town.

"The doctors and the preachers are behind all the other professions, and the people don't believe much what either of them say. I was over in Edison's factory," continued Mr. Jones, "and as he was showing me around he said, 'Don't touch that wire.' I didn't touch it. I didn't want to be made an angel quite so suddenly.

"But if a doctor tells you, 'Don't drink whisky, it will poison you,' you keep on drinking it and shrug your shoulders at his warning. If a minister says, 'If you don't believe this you'll be damned,' you say, 'Oh, that's a chestnut!'

"There is a divine specific in the Bible for every disease, but you've got to feel the man's pulse and find out what ails him before you know what to give him.

"And then you've got to get him to take it. 'That's a thing very few ministers know anything about—how to get the people to take it.

"Preac ing Christ and Him crucified is one thing," continued Mr. Jones, "and preaching John Smith and him dignified is another.

"D. D. stands for a number of things. It stands for Doctor of Divinity; it stands for Done Dead; it stands for Devil Driver. That is the best of all if the driving is rightly done.

"I once saw a dog driving a hog out of town, and the dog was going fine. There is too much of that kind of devil driving done. The ministers, too, often head the procession."

After scoring those who insist on conservatism and respectability in the pulpit, Mr. Jones told of a visit he paid to an engine yard at Nashville.

He saw there a very beautiful, bright, and spick and span engine, and learned that it was reserved for the use of the president of the road. He was kept most of the time in the roundhouse.

Then there came in a ten-wheel Mogul of an engine that was greasy and dirty, but he learned that it had just hauled in forty heavy freight cars from Chattanooga.

"I tell you," he went on, "if you go down to the gates of hell and pull back three or four hundred old sinners you'll be greasy and dirty, too. If you stay in the roundhouse you can always look spick and span."

A Quiet Take In.

He was a quiet-looking, elderly gentleman and he came into my presence almost with humility. We exchanged some vital opinions concerning the weather and when the conversation began to limp he slipped towards me and said with a sly glance:

"A great many of the young men are trying it now."

The remark took me by surprise, so, without the least idea what he meant, I said: "Is that so?"

"Yes," he answered, "and the young women, too."

"Indeed!"

"Of course it's to be expected, though, that young people in this age will know a good thing when they see it."

"Quite natural," I said.

"And everybody, too, wants to make money—such a restless, money-getting age. The man that can't make a fortune now in twenty years is set down as a fool."

"Yes!" I answered, thinking how many fools there are, but growing more interested all the time.

"When I was young it was very different," he went on. "A man had to work hard and economize for years before he could get sixty years. This generation is a hundred years ahead of that. A young woman came to me last week and said she was going to have fun out and accomplish something and wanted me to help her. Of course I did, and I consider her fortune made."

By this time I was burning up with curiosity to know who this man was that had fortunes to dispose of so recklessly, and I was growing extremely nervous lest he stop. He did.

"I see you are interested and I should have been greatly deceived if you had not been. You want to make money for a rainy day. That's right. A young widow came to me last week and shook my hand and told me she never would forget my kindness to her; and before last a young man could not give I'd been the making of him."

I could stand it no longer. "Will you tell me how you did it?" I asked nervously. I couldn't control my eagerness to grasp a fortune, but he was cool as a cucumber.

"Certainly," he said, drawing a red-bound book slowly from his pocket. "I represent the Mutual Benevolence Life Assurance Society that not only gives you the cheapest term insurance, but pays larger dividends than any other investment in the world—perfectly safe, too—assets fifty millions, liabilities twenty-three millions, leaving a surplus, exclusive of unpaid dividends, twenty-seven millions—has one hundred and thirty-five thousand members—young man by an economy of fifteen cents per day can lay up a fortune in twenty years; women same rates as men—

I was into it. I felt as cheap as a wedding present. He rattled away about insurance with a volubility that was remarkable even in a well-trained insurance agent. I got rid of him by promising to give the matter of insurance my careful attention for ten consecutive days and to read thoroughly all the circulars he gave me meantime. I will not say I kept my promise, but I can say I kept my time in given up to avoiding a man with gray beard and a furtive glance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rufus Choate's Choice

Ben Butler was once chairman of a meeting at which Rufus Choate was booked for an address. Mr. Choate was about to begin his address when a man crawled up to Butler and whispered to him that the joists in the floor and the supporting beams were giving way because of the heavy pressure on the floor, and they were likely to collapse any moment. Butler turned to the man and whispered to him: "Keep quiet." Then turning to the audience, he said: "A man has brought me information that outside of this hall there are not less than twenty thousand people clamoring for admission. I propose to adjourn this meeting to the common, where all can hear Mr. Choate. Now just see how quickly we can empty this hall." Meanwhile, Choate was tugging at Butler's coat tails, saying: "Ben, don't! Stop, Ben. Why, I can see to read on the common; my voice won't carry in the open air; I can't make them hear," and so on. After most of the audience had left, Butler turned around to Choate, and said: "Say, Choate, would you rather deliver this speech here in this hall or in hell?"

Old and Weatherbeaten

The old practice of badgering witnesses has almost disappeared from many courts; but in a Western Kansas town it is still kept up—sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S— is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year, and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn, which figured in his last case.

"How long had this barn been built?"

"Oh, I don't know. About a year, mebby. About nine months, p'raps."

"But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built."

"Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while."

"Now, Mr. B—, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell how old your house is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know."

Quick as lightning the old farmer replied, "Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you be, and needs shinglin' about as bad!"

In the roar that followed the witness stepped down and was not called back.

According to Precedent.

Judge—Officer, why did you arrest this man? Officer—For being intoxicated, judge. He stopped me on the street and asked where he was at.

Judge—Officer, a parliamentary committee has held that those words are evidence of complete sobriety. The prisoner is discharged.

THE VALUE OF

AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

The Superior Blood Medicine

"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. L. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.

"Ayer's remedies in this part of the State enjoy an enviable reputation, and although I am not in the habit of recommending proprietary medicines for indiscriminate use, yet I cannot hesitate to look favorably on such reliable standard preparations as Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. These are really superior preparations."—O. A. Stimpson, M. D. C. M., Thompson, Pa.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. C. Jenkins, Decorsea, Neb.

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—C. H. Lovell, Druggist, 950 Main st., Dallas, Texas.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs, Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Complexions, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Facts are admitted by thousands, in all classes of Society. Largest Sale in the World.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal. For sale by all Druggists.

DR. WILKINS' RED BLOOD WONDERFUL PILLS

The Nerve and Blood Builder—the Great Female Medicine.

Price 50c. per Box or 6 Boxes for $2.50

All Druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $4

Will knit a stocking foot and toe in ten minutes. Will knit anything required in the household from homespun or factory. Knits a fine gauge. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,

Cardens & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

Can You Read This?

I cannot praise your Pimple Pills enough for what they have done for me. My face was covered with Pimples and I was ashamed to go out, besides they were very sore. My sister, Mrs. Fish, advised me to try your Pills, and after using one bottle I was a great deal better and the second bottle has cured me. My face is just as smooth as it ever was. Anyone with Pimples should try your Pimple Pills. MISS JESSIE HALIFAX,
Lachute Mills, P. Q.

To HAYTER & MYLIUS HALIFAX
Proprietors of
POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS.

A POOR MAN

indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but

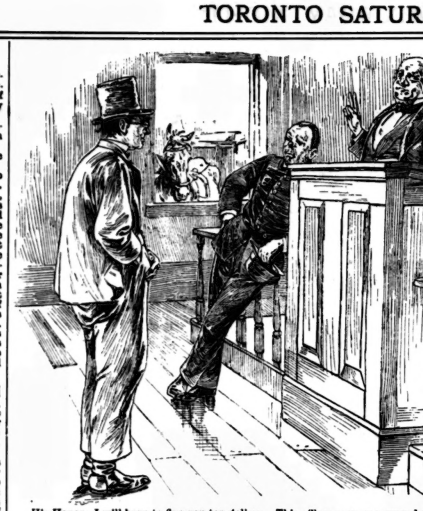
SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

can make it rich again by restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, and so giving him energy and perfect physical life, cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION



His Honor—I will have to fine you ten dollars. This officer says you were driving furiously.
Farmer Suburb—Judge, just give me a receipt for that ten dollars. I want to show it to the old horse; it will help to cheer his declining years.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, OCT. 1, 1892. [NO. 45

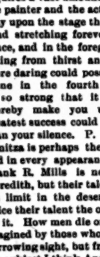
To Readers and Contributors.

During the past two or three years we have been paying for and publishing each week from one to three short original stories in addition to our serials. Experience has taught us that a great deal of bosh is being written and those who write the worst of it are the most rapacious in exacting remuneration. The older heads among us can look back to a long apprenticeship during which we were at intervals rewarded by seeing our sketches in print, and such reward was all we dreamed of. The new generation, however, is more ambitious. A youngster will now sit down and try to write a short romance, send it to the editor and confidently ask five dollars for it. Nineteen out of twenty of these have not an original phrase in them and not an original idea. There is the same fair maiden in the same lovely garden, and the same young man saunters by, and the same other girl and fellow try to prevent the match which was made in Heaven, but finally the fair maiden and sauntering young man are married in the glad spring-time. Experience tells us that it is an ill service to local talent to pay for such stories, for it keeps people toying with literature and annoying editors when they have not the slightest gift for it.

Since everybody wants pay for their stories, we will hereafter subject everything sent in to a severe commercial test and accept only those possessing conspicuous originality and a local or Canadian color. Further, our contributors need no longer enclose stamps for return of manuscript. So many are received that it almost keeps an assistant reading and returning them. When you write a story for us, you must make a copy of it for yourself, as we will not hereafter return manuscripts to anyone. When we reject a story we will destroy it; when we accept one, we will at once notify the writer to that effect. A contributor who does not place enough value on his production to undertake the task of copying it off after it is finished is too lazy to succeed in literature and has no business wasting the time of an editor.

After October 15 no stories received at this office will be returned, whether accompanied by stamps or not.

The Drama.



THE Play, My Jack, a Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, is one of the most ambitious of scenic melodramas. Nothing more pretentious is likely to visit the city this season. The scenes are many and either pretty or attractively bold, especially the night scene, when the light house is destroyed and old Peter and Miss Dorothy, in a fishing boat, come tossing along the waves to rescue those on the sinking ship. That is really good and well sustained. It requires a vast amount of daring, however, for the painter and the actor to undertake to portray upon the stage the blood-red desert, with sand stretching forever and ever in the distance, and in the foreground two sailors famishing from thirst and exhaustion. Nothing more daring could possibly be staged than this scene in the fourth act of My Jack. It is so strong that it could easily fall and thereby make you uncomfortable, and its greatest success could win no better applause than your silence. P. Aug. Anderson as Ciro Panitza is perhaps the best actor in the cast, and in every appearance acquits himself well. Frank R. Mills is next best man as Jack Meredith, but their talent is put to its extremest limit in the desert scene, and had they twice their talent the occasion would find room for it. How men die on the desert can only be imagined by those who have never seen such a harrowing sight, but from what I have read on the subject I think Anderson and Mills give a reasonably true delineation of it. Of course it is necessary for the villain to die, but I believe there is something in the contentious occasionally heard that the horrible should be expunged or subdued in art, and that the villain should die behind the stage. I am inclined to this view, also, because of another consideration, and it is this: When anybody dies on the stage with more than ordinary effect, the applause is terrific and lo! out walks the dead man before the curtain, bowing and smiling as though he were keenly alive to everything and we hadn't heard his expiring groan before our eyes a moment before. I consider that when a man dies he should stay irrevocably dead to the public, at least until the next performance. When the hero after a desperate struggle despatches the villain, and the curtain drops on a secure home, it makes me uneasy to see the villain step out fresh as a daisy, and I feel like sending a note around behind the curtain to warn the lovely heroine that the scoundrel has recovered his rascally life and may swoop down upon her when least expected. Then, when the curtain goes up again and the hero tells how the bad man died and was buried, I know he is deceived, and that the villain is behind one of the wings, perhaps concocting new devilment. When the dead man comes out for applause he spoils the whole illusion to the piece and blurs his fine performance. The other actors in My Jack are not required to display more than ordinary ability, although a very strong scene is enacted between Dorothy Prescott, Charles Prescott and their blind mother. The former part is taken by Miss Elizabeth Garth, who has an extra good presence and won particular applause. Two things grated upon me and seemed false to nature. One was where Charles exacted from his sister an oath of secrecy. The love between the two was so great and the confidence of the brother in the sister so signally shown beforehand that the oath was an extravagance, and one could not help feeling, while looking upon a scene meant to be very enthralling, that the author had put in the oath to improve the plot. Further, you could tell exactly what it was done for. At such a time the audience should not be allowed to take thought of author or plot. The only way to repair this is for Charles to show less faith in the judgment of his sister and a keener terror of his own situation. The second thing which grated upon me was the oath of vengeance sworn in the last act by the old and blind mother of Charles. It ended in a strong bit of acting, which could not be found fault with when it was reached; but these oaths of vengeance by frail and affectionate women are too numerous and so unreal as to be embarrassing to the spectators. However, all in all, I consider My Jack one of the best pieces put on at Jacobs & Sparrow's this year, and my opinion of it is evidenced by the amount of space I devote to comments upon it.

For the first half of the week Roland Reed appeared at the Grand in Lend Me Your Wife. His own work has been improved since last year, but his company has been greatly changed, and if any difference at all is noticeable it is not to the advantage of the new people. As a successor to George Frederick Nash, one can hardly pronounce Harry A. Smith an extra good fit. Still, here and there he gleams out very brightly, falling only in the details and in letting the dull lines fall duller than he got them. This criticism may not hold good later in the season when he has lived with his lines a little longer. William C. Andrews is too self-conscious and whenever he speaks lets the first syllable explode from his mouth as though he had been holding the overeager word back with his teeth until his cue was given. He makes a good foil for Roland Reed, who to my notion becomes more humorous every time I see him. His humor is of the purest kind, spontaneous and sterling, and about it there is not the slightest suggestion of rehearsal. His face, just before his brightest sayings, gives no indication of what is coming. He does not raise his voice to emphasize anything rich, but leaves those who have ears to use them or let it alone. His best lines are spoken in the ordinary tones adapted to the drawing-room, and all through he is admirably free from the bolsterous. Miss Isadore Rush is always a refreshingly pleasant figure upon the stage, and I admire Mr. Reed's taste in retaining her when reconstructing his cast. I am writing this column too early in the week to permit of a criticism of the new comedy, Innocent as a Lamb, which I may take up next week if it proves an inviting topic. Roland Reed, being, as he is, one of the half dozen very best actors who visit Toronto, did not secure anything like as good houses this time as he is under all circumstances entitled to.

*

Lotta was to have been at the Academy next week, but her physician has ordered her to take eight weeks of complete rest and so Manager Kirchmer and the Toronto public have sustained a serious disappointment. Mr. Kirchmer, I believe, is carrying on active negotiations with a particularly good attraction which he hopes to induce to come here and fill in the break so unfortunately made by the illness of Lotta. At the time of sending this column to press I am unable to make any definite announcement.

*

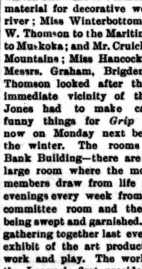
Alexander McLean, barrister, of this city, whose departure into the arena of theatrical management some time ago was so widely talked about, will bring his play Hand of Fate to Toronto next week, presenting it at Jacobs & Sparrow's, with the usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees. Mr. McLean is extensively known in Toronto and much interest will be taken in his play, of whose tour in the West occasional newspaper accounts have reached us. Hand of Fate contains some thrilling novelties, the chief being a Western blizzard scene and snow storm so realistic that it is said spectators fold their garments closer about them and shiver with the cold. The plot tells the story of a young girl, Suze, who being the daughter of a prominent judge was stolen in her infancy by a criminal in revenge for having been prosecuted by the judge when he was the prosecuting officer many years before. The diabolical steps taken by the criminal, who is a counterfeiter, and whose efforts to degrade Suze are frustrated, make scene after scene full of absorbing interest. The play is interpreted by a cast including well known artists, aided by magnificent scenery built for the play. The management confidently predict crowded houses to witness every performance of this play.

*

Next week Lewis Morrison will appear at the Grand in his ever welcome presentation of Faust. Morrison and Keene are, I think, the two men who draw the best houses in Toronto, year in and year out, whatever betide. One reason for this, no doubt, is, that Keene plays Shakespeare and speaks a magnificent language expressing the thoughts of genius, while Morrison speaks the language and thoughts, the fruit of a brain little inferior to Shakespeare's, that of Goethe. Morrison will, on Saturday night next, conclude his week's run with Richelieu, a character which many will be anxious to see him interpret. MACK.

Miss Jessie Alexander's delightful entertainments have been a feature of the concert season here for the past three years and are always looked forward to with pleasure by all lovers of literary delights. Each succeeding year has been marked with greater success, and her overcrowded house last year, when her entertainment had to be repeated, will still be remembered. It is also gratifying to know that Miss Alexander has been received with equal appreciation on the other side of the Atlantic. Referring to an entertainment given in one of London's fashionable drawing-rooms during Miss Alexander's recent visit there, the London *Ladies' Pictorial* says: "On Monday, June 20, Miss Jessie Alexander, the talented Canadian reader, gave a dramatic and humorous recital under the patronage of Lady Latham. Her selections included some very novel sketches of American children, Julia Walcott's Our Christmas, and clever delineations of Scottish life and character. The Goblins Will Get Ye was given in thoroughly artistic style and keenly appreciated by the fashionable audience, which included the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Marchioness of Bradford, Lady Ampthill, Lady Winburne, Lady and Miss Borthwick, Lady Coventry, Lady Florence Cecil, and many others of the nobility." No doubt the Pavilion will be crowded on Tuesday evening next to welcome our talented fellow townswoman.

Art and Artists.



THE Art League is doing its work quietly and well. The summer harvest has been gathered. Ever since the first of June there have been Saturday League trips which have resulted in considerable gatherings at Scarboro', Weston, Thornhill, Port Credit, and all the surrounding neighborhood. There was a special trip to Queenston and the Niagara river, where Miss Spurr, Miss Macklin and Messrs. Manly and Cotton stayed two weeks, and a special trip to Quebec, when Miss Macklin, Miss Spurr, and Messrs. Manly, Cotton and Holmes sketched industriously for about three weeks. D. Thomson took a long trip to the old Welland canal and its feeders; Jeffreys made the trip on a steam launch to Quebec, where he is still gathering; Alexander went to the Bay of Quinte, around with the rain for a week, was beaten and went to Vermont; Crouch gathered material for decorative work on the Ottawa river; Miss Winterbottom went to Niagara; W. Thomson to the Maritime provinces; Kelly to Muskoka; and Mr. Cruickshank to the Rocky Mountains; Miss Hancock, Miss Hegler, and Messrs. Graham, Brigden, Murphy and J. Thomson looked after the beauties in the immediate vicinity of the city, and Sam Jones had to make cartoons and write funny things for *Grip* all summer. And now on Monday next begins the work of the winter. The rooms in the Imperial Bank Building—there are three of them, the large room where the models pose and the members draw from life from three to five evenings every week from now till June; the committee room and the ladies' room—are being swept and garnished. There was a grand gathering together last evening and a private exhibit of the art products of the summer's work and play. The work of Mr. Blatchley, the League's first president, who is now in Washington, was absent and seriously missed, as was also that of Messrs. McKellar, Jephcott and W. Bengough, who have gone to New York. But of the present members all the summer's work was there, the failures and the successes, the little ones two-for-a-cent size, and the bigger ones, hysterical pencil sketches and oil and water color studies grave as socialists. They are, however, mostly studies and notes in art shorthand, understood by their authors but necessarily of less interest to the outsider. But the outsider who does take sufficient interest in such things to pay a visit to the League rooms will be very graciously welcomed at any time to-day or until ten o'clock this evening. Mr. R. Holmes is president of the League and Mr. W. Alexander the secretary, and the prospects for a good winter's work seem to be exceedingly satisfactory.

*

Mr. J. C. Forbes has returned from England and has been heartily greeted by many admiring friends here. VAN.

The new thoroughfare between the Strand and Holborn is to be one of the finest streets in the world. Vigorous efforts are being made to have it called Charles Dickens Street.

Cur-tailed.

It was prayer meeting night. An opaque darkness weighed down the spirits of the negro worshipers. A fetid breeze rustling amid the branches of the trees which overhung the white meeting house, seemed exhorting them to prayer. They all felt that the power of the Great Hand hung menacingly over them, so that when the venerable parson led off by prayer, so many and fervent were the enthusiastic ejaculations of assent as to create a *furore* which lasted through the entire meeting.

"O, Lord," prayed the dusky pastor, "come down an' reign ober dis yar meetin' yer selb. Come down and help dis poor nigger to 'vert his lost congergashun." Then his voice died away in a low sobbing wail, while his theme was taken up by a hoary-headed deacon. "Yes, Lor', cum down squar' on dis yar congergashun. Cum long, Lor', never m'nd de shingles, Lor'. Dis chile 'll pay fer de shingles."

Then all waited. Silence brooded over the congregation, for they felt sure that the Lord could not withstand such an exhortation. Moments passed yet naught was heard save the sighing of the breeze without and the humming of the mosquitoes within.

Then as the silence was becoming oppressive, up rose old Aunt Chloe. Backslider she had been in the past, but now in her eyes glowed the fires of religious zeal. Furious they burned as she climbed up upon a bench and her harsh voice rang through the church. "I's gwan to fly away to heaben. Clar de way brevren an' sistern, dis yar chile is gwan to glory. I's gwan ter fly away ter heaben."

Quietly the superstitious audience knelt, gazing awe struck upon her as she flourished aloft her brawny arms and with a scream of fancied heavenly ecstasy precipitated her immense body into the air, but as the Lord had not given her the power to waft herself heavenward upon the gentle zephyrs, nor the earth lost its power of gravitation in her particular instance, the inevitable happened and many "brethren" rushed to reinstate her in a perpendicular position, but she brushed them off and lamely rising to her feet unaided, hobbled off to her seat declaring: "Go 'long, dar, you fool niggers, luf me 'lone, I cuddent git de right flop," then sank heavily into her pew a sadder yet a wiser woman.

In a far corner of the room a sister began to pray, and the brethren quietly found their seats and began to again interject "Amen" and "Yes, Lord," whenever the prayer reached a climax.

"Bleffed Lor'," she prayed, "dis yars de las' t'ing wees gwan to ask you dis night. O, Lor', curtail de power of de debil. Curtail——"

But here an aged brother broke in upon her prayer: "Yes, Lor', cut dat yar debil's tail clar off," and "amen" showered from all sides, and was followed closely by the benediction from the parson, who noticed that the kerosene in the lamps burned low and that darkness would shortly enfold the inside as it had done the outside many hours before. H. A. B.

An East Bruce Opinion.

It was at the official re-count of votes cast in the last East Bruce election. Mr. Cargill, the Conservative candidate, had secured a majority of fourteen by the first count, and Mr. Truax, his opponent, had demanded a re-count. It was allowed him, and the whole affair had progressed swimmingly till the court ran against a ballot paper with a peculiar mark, or a series of them, set opposite Mr. Truax's name.

The hieroglyphic seemed indecipherable, and Judge Kingsmill remarked that he had never been so troubled over anything in the whole course of his judicial career. For a couple of hours the court, assisted by two Walkerton lawyers, Mr. H. P. O'Connor, for Mr. Cargill, and Mr. A. B. Klein, for Mr. Truax, had struggled to solve the mystery, but had not succeeded. Mr. O'Connor wanted the ballot thrown out, but the opposing counsel objected strenuously to such a course. Judge Kingsmill said the mark was clearly for Mr. Truax, but he hardly thought it was meant for the simple "X" for which the law called. The mysterious mark resembled "880" a little, but it was quite evident the careless voter had not endeavored to make figures. A lengthy squabble took place between counsel, and Mr. O'Connor was on his feet addressing the court and was holding the disputed paper in his hand for the fiftieth time, when inadvertently he turned it upside down. He stopped suddenly, his eyes glued on the little piece of paper.

"I beg your lordship will look at the ballot upside down," he said, handing it to the judge. The latter did so and saw the point the elector had sought to express.

For there, clear as day, was a decided opinion of the Liberal candidate: "ASS."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that the disputed ballot was thrown out. IDLEJAG.

He Recognized the Old Boy.

He wore a red woolen shirt, on the bosom of which was written "Happy Dick," a peaked cap, a blue uniform and all those other external indications of the man who has vowed war with the devil. He was gazing intently on a fellow man who apparently was endeavoring to transplant a telephone post. Suddenly, with a glow of righteous determination on his freckled countenance, Happy Dick approached the man of sin. "Brother," he said, as with fraternal familiarity he seized him by the shoulder, "brother, do you know that the devil has got a hold of you?"

The sinful brother paused in his ineffectual efforts to injure the telephone system, and turned a weary but dangerous eye on the immaculate hero of the red shirt.

"Yes (hic)," he replied, at the same time doubling his fist into a convenient shape. "Yes, I kin see (hic) well 'nuf (hic) 't the devil's (hic) got a hold of me (hic, hic), an' wot's more (hic)," here his fist became dangerously prominent, "I'm jist goin' (hic) ter giv' the devil (hic) one second (hic) to drop his hold."

And just then Happy Dick espied another man, a block off, who needed his spiritual guidance, and with wonderful alacrity dropped his hold and hastened away to the rescue. TICK.

Scandals.

For Saturday Night.

Gossip keeps us alive, but scandal is death,
To all that it blasts with its poisonous breath;
Unless they have luck enough boldly to smite
The venomous snake ere it ventures to bite.
To name them together you can't e'en begin,
For gossip is nature, but scandal is sin.
In cities 'tis known, but if you would see
How perfect the science of scandal can be,
How it injures the best, and despises truth's frown,
Just live for some time in a small country town.
Sometimes it accuses some innocent preacher
Of reshly endeavoring to emulate Beecher,
When he merely was trying to make clear some text,
To a pretty grass widow, or spinster perplext.
Or perhaps a whole "social" will give one loud squall
To hear that the parson walks with his "hired gal,"
Or how Mrs. Scroggins, and dear Mrs. Snooks,
Going out after church with some Sunday school books,
Saw that Mr. Hinphy ("you've been told mum, I'm sure")
Walking home with a lady, who wasn't his wife.
Envy most at the source of all scandal does dwell,
Pretty women and clever once know that full well.
Let some pretty maid from a neighboring town,
Be the belle of some ball, and gain social renown;
Or some lovely widow (dear innocent thing),
Contrive to get three or four men on a string—
A thing pretty widows are oft known to do,
I suppose for the reason, "'tis their nature to"—
They will find before long that the feminine tongue
Is neither made delicate, weak, or unstrung.
They will find that in future their very best plan
Is not to talk frequently with the same man;
Unless they would suffer from legions of lies,
Their feelings they'll smother, that is, if they're wise
In short, if you live in that sort of a place,
And wish to avoid falling into disgrace,
If beneath scandal's breath you're not anxious to come,
You'd better contrive to be born deaf and dumb.

Picton, Ont. REGINALD GOURLAY.

Abner Brown.

For Saturday Night.

"What fools these mortals be." I guess
'Twur Shakespeare writ them lines,
Most folks are crazy more or less—
I've bin thet way at times.

Th' blamedest t'ijis as I know
'S a chap named Abner Brown,
As tuk 'n' pinned his heart fer show,
Outside a woman's gown.

I guess she never knowed twuz there—
Allho' she used him kind;
Until some verses 'bout her hair
She chanced one day to find.

Fer Abner hi'd bin slingin' rhymes
Th' wust y' ever seen,
A' printed in the Shockville *Times*,
'N' callin' her—his "Queen."

Th' Shockville folks knowed who wuz meant,
'N' sakes! how she did frown,
Fer like th' chump he wuz, he' went
An' signed em—Abner Brown.

W'en Abner went ter call next day
She cums down ter the door,
An' tells him plump ter go away
'N' never cum no more.

Now all you love-sick poets, take
This yer advice fr'm me,
Don't sign yer name fer goodneen' sake
W'en writin' post-res.

'N' if yo've foun', like Abner Brown,
Some girl as you adore,
Don't tell it roun' ter all the town,
Er else yo'll lose her—sure.

UNCLE RYER.

L'Angelus.

For Saturday Night.

Low bends the grain, it's harvest golden glowing;
Heavy hang the vines with clusters purple—red;
The pirate crow within the copse hard by,
In accents harsh his cronky brethren calls;
The autumn wind, with listless murmure blowing,
Wails summer's fall and perfumed garlands dead;
The rippling brook flows onward with a sigh
'Tween brake and hill to reach the dreamy falls.
When late the flowers the swallows southward fly
To brighter parts beneath a southern sky,
And summer passes into autumn drear,
But, bringing peace, from out the village spire
The Angelus rings forth in thrilling chimes;
Its silver tones float far and near,
Now dreamy, low—now rich and clear;
The tired field-worker rests his weary arm
Upon his mattock, and bares his sunburned brow
Wet with the dew of labor, and low,
With thankful heart, his head doth bow.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILSON.

To Canada

For Saturday Night.

Unlike all leaves or stunt or slender,
All flowers kiss'd by summer's breath—
Which die in shame—the Maple's splendor
Is greatest in her hour of death.

Dear country, should occasion call
Thy sons to die in Freedom's strife,
Like thine on a maple emblem fall,—
More glorious ev'n in death than life.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

My Love.

For Saturday Night.

Oh! I met a blue-eyed maiden,
A maiden fair to see,
With golden locks, sweet, sparkling smiles,
And heart still fancy free.

I lost my heart; I wooed her long
Some sign of love to gain;
But on me she would never throw
One glance to ease my pain.

At last I vowed her cold and proud,
And from her tried to turn
To seek elsewhere a balm for wounds
That in my soul did burn.

'Twas vain! a poor deluded wretch—
Like a moth around the flame—
I fluttered and I floundered still,
But on all she smiled the same.

But when I told her of my love
And asked for time to gain
A sacred place within her heart
The veil was rent in twain.

And then I found beneath those smiles
She hid a fond heart true,
So that the careless, prying world
Its secrets never knew.

Oh! my love is pure and simple
As the lilies of the vale,
And I'm glad, yes, glad I told her
The oft repeated tale.

To her friends she's just as friendly
As she used to be to me;
But her heart is mine forever,
And I know I hold the key.

LAURENCE SHERMAN.

Between You and Me.

IT is well to have a certain thought ready to meet certain emergencies. When one is taken aback by some angry assault of tongues, how blessed to think before you speak. "An angry woman is a piteous spectacle." When you are the victim of some unfortunate mishap, to muse on the truism that it might have been much worse; when you are vexed and disappointed, that it will be all the same this time next year! I have had such a bad week that I have used up all my ready-made remedies, and should I be hoodoo'd any longer, I shall have to lie down and surrender to the unkind fates! For Lady Gay, like Humpty Dumpty, had a bad fall, and, like Little Bo Peep, lost her belongings, and, like nine out of ten of her acquaintances, good and bad, took a cold! It is so aggravating to have a cold in these lingering September days when one likes to play that summer is strong and bright instead of fading and dying.

•

I am always actively sorry when summer is done, it is such a labor to live in cold, slushy, wet, dirty weather, such as is bound to come soon, and winter is bad for the poor when coal is high. I sometimes think of the coming days when we shall warm and cook as well as light with that wonderful thing, electricity. It can't be too soon! Electricity is a sign of our times—those times when inventors are not worrying so much over how to make increased speed with trains as how to control and stop them. Westinghouse, who invented the brake known by his name, says it is impossible to stop a train at its highest speed in time to prevent a collision with the appliances and signals now available. We are getting a move on, as the newsboys say, and it is to be hoped we've got brakes that will stop us!

•

I was thinking about inventing a brake myself that would choke off a gossip or stop a scandal, but on second thoughts I gave it up. I think a collision would be more suitable. I saw a funny little thing the other day when La Mode and I were going over the factory of the Toronto Silver Plate Company. It was a graduated roller for pressing out a metal slab into a very thin sheet. Every time it passed under I saw the slab grow longer and longer, lengthening and stretching, and I said, "It's growing like a scandal, isn't it?" I don't know what started me off against gossip or scandal, unless it was a little story I heard to day, told in confidence, and within half an hour repeated before six interested women. I don't believe it, but the poison lingers, in spite of my faith, and a teasing little demon of doubt whispers in my ear, "It may be true!" even when I am saying stoutly, "It must be false!" I do wish somebody would open the switch on scandal track, though, for like the wretched little fiend in the newspaper report, I want to see a collision!

•

I wonder if everyone who saw Friends at the Opera House last week got as much good out of it as they should? I think it is the richest play I've seen for a long time! A temperance sermon, which, by the way, was preached to the applause of the gods, much to my surprise, cries out in every appearance of poor old Hans Otto; a glowing tribute to the good stage favorite, and a cute little cut at the lesser lights, which is so true to life that it isn't a bit funny, gleams from the chatter of the actresses, with their clippings from the papers, and their green-eyed-monster utterances, and a pathetic reminder that stage folk have hearts like other folk underlies the confessed failure of the pretty *fraulein* to do herself justice.

•

I always feel so hot when I hear wicked things said of actors and actresses as a class. One day, this summer, I was sitting away in a nook at the extreme stern of an ocean steamer, watching the wake from America to Ireland and listening to two fellow passengers who were arguing on religious topics. The man made good points, the woman was eager but thoughtful, and accepted defeat of some of her sallies in a gentle, lady-like submission. She was an agnostic, a disciple of one of the cleverest men in America, and though I was sorry, in the friendliest way, to hear her confess her unfaith, I was so impressed by her earnest, gentle manner that I only very faintly sided with the opposition. I am aware that I should have come out rampant and denounced her teacher, but I didn't. The man was a cad, religious though he might be, and after they had threshed their dispute thoroughly, he said: "I am told you and your husband are actors. Now, doesn't your better nature revolt against the contamination of the theater?" I shall never forget the change that came over her gentle face as the inexcusable question met her. "I don't quite follow you," was all she said, and turned quietly away. But after he had gone and we were alone I heard her say slowly: "That man makes me GLAD I'm not a Christian!"

•

I used to wonder whether he prayed for her when he had a calm spell, for I am glad to say he was abominably ill for several days. She was one of the most interesting creatures I ever made friends with, so thin and willowy and brown-eyed, and with such a spirit in her! Her big, handsome, blonde husband and she were a pair of chums, out for a holiday, to be spent in cycling through Scotland and seeing the season's actors in London. When I saw them standing arm in arm on the big ship, as we steamed and sweltered in New York harbor, I made a little prayer to the kind fates that we might be fellow passengers. We were, both crossing and returning, and whatever I may have lacked in sympathy and respect for players before, I was fully up to the mark on those points when I bade them good-bye in New York. I only wish the mantle of their gentle kindness and modesty and quick sympathy might fall on the shoulders of their critics!

•

And so if we will ride on electric cars we must have specially made watches if we want to have correct time. Poor electric cars! They will be a boon to the man who sits gossiping at the club and comes home late for dinner—"Only seven by my watch, my dear; must be out of order again; I rode up on the electric car!" Or on Sunday when he doesn't want to go to church he can excuse himself for being too late to get ready by producing his laggard watch and showing his well-disposed spouse how it fools him. Only let him beware how he presumes on the electric current; some day it may really get in its work and leave him late for the fair.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Lord Tennyson seems to be renewing his youth. London papers record visits to theaters and excursions and wanderings among old book shops, as was the habit of earlier years.

Arlo Bates says the presses of Boston are very busy, and by the end of the month, or early in October, we may look for quite a harvest of literary treasures. The Hub is still the Hub.

A monument in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Browning is to be erected in Ledbury, where she spent some of her earlier years. Ledbury honors herself in seeking to honor this great singer of undying songs.

•

Mrs. Osborne, a widow living near Salt Lake City, has a vegetable ranch from which she annually clears five or six thousand dollars. She has lately added a chicken ranch and two incubators to her possessions, and expects to double her gains.

Miss Alice Cavanaugh of Dawson County, Montana, superintends the country schools in an area of thirty thousand square miles, and Miss Finnegan of Choteau County has an almost equally extensive territory, comprising twenty thousand acres.

Longfellow, the poet, originated a courteous way of "launching" guests whose desire to remain in his company exceeded their discretion. He invited the guest out on the piazza to see the view, and, once out of the house, it was easier for him to go away than to enter again.

Mr. Thomas Hardy gives it as his opinion that the novel affords scope for getting nearer to the heart and meaning of things than does the play. Mr. Hardy regards the present divorce of fiction from the drama as "inimical to the best interests of the stage; no injury to literature."

Sophie Holmes, the colored woman who has for more than thirty years received a salary of $50 a month from the Treasury Department, had it bestowed upon her for her honesty in guarding all night a box she found while sweeping out the Treasury. It contained $50 000, and she did not quit it until General Spinner came to take charge of it.

Among the fine faculty the Chicago University is securing for itself will be Martha Foote Crow, who has been recalled from Oxford, England, to take the chair of English literature, and Marion Talbot, a member of the Board of Visitors and Instructors of Wellesley College, who has been appointed assistant professor in the department of social science.

Lieutenant Peary's wife, who has just returned from the arctic regions with the rest of her husband's party, was the first woman who braved the rigors of Greenland. She showed no ill effects from her winter near the pole, and is reported to have battled through it with as much energy as any of the men of the party. To her the men owed many of the comforts that made the dreary winter time endurable.

American girls who go to Paris to study art usually club together and set up housekeeping in a simple home like way. Living in Paris is far easier than in New York, as soups and meats may be bought already cooked, and poultry is sent home daintily broiled or roasted. Gas stoves may be rented at fifty cents a month, and the wages of a maid of all work, to sweep, scour, make beds, etc., are very low, and the maid is paid by the hour. In the art schools equal advantages are afforded to women as to men.

The position of Deputy Clerk of the United States Circuit Court for New England, with a salary of $2 000, has been offered Miss Lillian C. Rogers. For the last seven years she has been an attache of the Clerk's Office in the District Court, and she declines the new post from disinclination to change her work and doubt of her capacity to fulfil the novel duties. Miss Rogers is only twenty five years old, and is the first woman to whom such an honor has been offered by the Federal courts. Her two younger sisters are also employed in positions connected with the District Court.

The funeral of John Greenleaf Whittier, in accordance with a request in the poet's will, was conducted after the manner of the Society of Friends. On the morning of September 10 a great concourse of people gathered to pay the last honors to one whom all Americans loved and revered. Both sides of the road for an eighth of a mile, leaving space between only for carriages, were crowded two hours before the time set for the funeral, and a long procession passed through the house to take a last look at the sweet, placid face of the poet, as he lay in a room overflowing with flowers. The simple ceremonies were conducted in the garden under the trees of Whittier's planting.

While W. D. Howells was a young man living in Columbus and was on the editorial force of the *Ohio State Journal*, he wrote a poem that was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In due time came a check in payment for the poem. The check was highly prized in itself by the young poet, but it did not fill the full measure of his aspirations, for shortly after he demanded of an intimate friend with much diffidence, but great earnestness: "Jim, when you have a check for some money, how do you get the cash for it?" The intricacies of this financial operation being explained, the amount of the check was placed to his credit in the bank. The money was not destined, however, to form a part of Mr. Howells' ultimate estate, for shortly afterward he again repaired, somewhat embarrassed, to his more practical friend and asked in a quandary: "Jim, when you have money in the bank, how do you get it out again?" Since that time Mr. Howells has had little difficulty either getting money into or out of a bank.

The Gypsy Wagon—Finis

Telling how our four friends were Arrested on a Coroner's Warrant and abandoned the trip in Disgust.

BY MACK.

IT WAS not such a day as trouble usually selects for doing its business, that Tuesday. The sun rose fair and beautiful, and everything was so sweet and cheerful that no man, however lost and undone his circumstances, could have committed suicide. There are such days in the August of Canada. Nothing of importance occurred in the morning to our gypsy friends. They had the kicking horse shod at one of the blacksmith shops in Pickering, and about eleven o'clock turned into the open gate of a farm house near Whitby. This was not by arrangement, but Casey was driving and concluded it was time to make a trade of some kind.

THIS IS A COW.

"Now, Telfer, old man," he yelled back to the sulky, "take Sampson's other revolver and trade it for an other pig, or perhaps a fat mutton, this time."

"Not any," exclaimed Sampson. "I've got my other gun safe in my breast pocket, and as this knife is a borrowed one, I'll just put it in my belt for safety. I'm almost afraid to go to sleep for fear you fellows will trade my head off for some blamed thing or other."

The idea of anyone being willing to exchange any useful thing, eatable, drinkable or implemental, for Sampy's head was too much for the gang, and they guyed him accordingly. But Sampson had got out his pencil, a piece of paper, and with a tin pan across his knees was taking a sketch of an inquisitive cow that had come up the lane and was staring at the gypsy wagon as though it were a wild beast show. He also made a sketch of the farmer standing in the field beside the house, apologizing for the faults of his drawings by saying that the wagon jolted terribly. But Felix said he had seen a hundred, at least, of Sampy's sketches, and never saw him produce anything half so good. I secured these sketches and give them, hoping that the art societies will see if some of their men really couldn't draw better in a jolting wagon than on solid ground.

TELFER'S PREDECESSOR

The quartette, and especially old Telfer, made a great impression upon the lady of the house, who sold them a pair of turkeys for some tinware, and gave them a good drink of fresh milk.

"I'd ask you to stay for dinner," she said, as they were leaving, "but I can't do it. You see I got nothing but new baked bread and fresh-churned butter, and they just go like all forty when fellows is ez hungry ez you be."

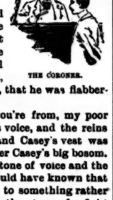
Thrifty, careful soul that she was! Good, kind, generous, yet with a generosity that could help things, all the same!

Old Telfer promptly enquired about her husband, wrote down her name and address and said that he would watch for news of her good man's death and then claim her as his own. He asked Sampy to let him again see the picture of his predecessor in the woman's affections, and was glad to see he looked like gravel-bait already.

Down the road came a buggy containing two men. Both were powerful fellows and, plainly enough, they had business with the gypsies. They drove past the wagon, turned around and alighted.

"We want you," said the big mustache.

"Don't try fighting," said the smooth face, "for we are armed and mean business."



THE CORONER.

His oldest friend had never known Felix to be flabbergasted before, but at that moment all he could do was to assure all present, the sun, the moon, and the stars and so forth, that he was flabbergasted.

"What asylum is it you're from, my poor man?" This was Casey's voice, and the reins fell over the dashboard, and Casey's vest was being quietly buttoned over Casey's big bosom. An old friend, noting the tone of voice and the buttoning of the vest, would have known that these were preliminaries to something rather select and worth seeing in the shape of a fight on Casey's part.

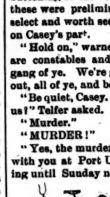
"Hold on," warned the big mustache, "we are constables and we're here to arrest the gang of ye. We're going to do it, so just climb out, all of ye, and be searched."

"Be quiet, Casey. What's the charge against us?" Telfer asked.

"Murder."

"MURDER!"

"Yes, the murder of the woman what was with you at Port Union from Saturday evening until Sunday night, but who disappeared in the night. Her dead body was found in the lake yesterday afternoon," and the constables advanced, each poking a revolver out in front of him.



VIEWED WITH HORROR

Three of the criminals looked at the thin one called Felix, all starting in as though intending to laugh but failing to go on with the design.

"Now listen to me, Mustache, and you, too, Pie-face," said Casey ponderously. "We'll go back with you if you say so, on the strength of this yarn, but mind you, if this is a put up job, a joke being played on us, you fellows won't see where the fun comes in. If there isn't a corpse at Port Union when we get there, why then, I'll *make* two, at the rate of one a minute. You hear me talkin'! Are we to go back?"

"Yes! You'll find the corpse there all right enough. But kindly step out and we'll go through your clothes. If you're innocent you've nothing to be afear'd of."

"What do you think of this, Telfer?" asked Felix, as they formed a group on the gravel road.

"I think it beats Muskoka all hollow—far cheaper, you know, and a more original way of putting in two weeks' holidays. Say, Felix, did you ever hear it remarked that you've got a great head, a great head, Felix? I just noticed it now as you stood between me and that pasture field. There, there, you'll be hanged, Sampson—there, you blood-thirsty scoundrel, he's found a revolver and a dagger on you. I never noticed what a hang-dog face you had before, Sampy. Wait until *The World* gives your picture and begins describing you. Honor bright, that's all I've got, thirty-five cents and a piece of string—the woman wasn't strangled, was she?"

Poor Sampson's face was a picture of misery when the constable drew the sheath knife from his belt, and found the revolver in his breast pocket. He could not have looked more guilty if he had really shed blood. It was plain that the officers of the law regarded him as the worst thug of the four—he, good, simple Sampson; what would his friends in the Bible class say?

I shall condense the misfortunes of the party as much as possible. The reader will remember that Felix had dressed up as a gypsy woman and had been seen by dozens of people. The party had tarried two nights and a day on the beach near Port Union, and early Monday morning, at the solicitation of Old Telfer, Felix had cast off female garb and put on an old suit of clothes better adapted to his sex. As Casey remarked, he made a better looking woman than he really was a man. Several had seen four men drive away and wondered what had become of the woman. Monday afternoon a young farmer found, not half a mile from the place where the party had camped, the body of a woman in the water. A dozen people promptly identified the remains as those of the gypsy woman. I firmly believe that if the man were to fall out of the moon and come down squash anywhere in Ontario, he would be identified inside half an hour as somebody's neighbor, and inside another half hour the identification would be corroborated by a dozen people who would recognize a strawberry birth-mark on his left arm.

The woman was identified as the gypsy, and the coroner under the circumstances saw no other course than to order the arrest and detention of the gypsies, with the result above chronicled.

The amateur gypsies were the victims of a ridiculous blunder, and explained all about Felix dressing up as a woman and resuming his clothes; that they were not gypsies at all, and that if any woman was killed they didn't see who in creation she was or what the deuce she wanted to get killed around there for, anyhow. But the constables said they could explain everything to the coroner. Old Telfer secured permission to telegraph to friends in Toronto, and he sent word to a certain police court lawyer to come down by the six o'clock train, also to a couple of friends of high standing to come down and identify them. Among others he wired an ex-mayor of the city as follows:

"Casey, Felix, Sampson and I arrested at Port Union on a charge of murder. Your train leaves Union at 5.30. J. TELFER."

The lawyer and the influential friends arrived, the whole scheme and history of the new way of spending two weeks' holidays was explained, the female suit of clothes was produced and Felix put it on, and the witnesses identified him with as much alacrity as they had identified the corpse. The coroner discharged our four friends with a reprimand, but they continued to be objects of horror to the good country people, who gathered in haste.

The remains were no sooner decreed to be not those of the gypsy woman than they were promptly identified and sworn to as those of a worthless woman who lived along the highway in and around Toronto. How she died has become one of the unsolved problems.

Old Telfer and Casey returned to town on the train with their influential friends, leaving Felix and Sampson to drive in and make some disposition of three horses, a pig, two turkeys, several hens, some corn, potatoes, tinware, three dogs, etc., etc., unclassified. The two old heads in leaving the two young ones did not feel blameworthy, for they told each other that Felix and Sampson were the originators of the whole infernal, fool idea of starting out as gypsies in the first place. They had both been down on the crazy scheme from the start.

THE END.

Tempus Fugit

Mr. Morrison Essex—That new girl gone, too?
Mrs. Essex—Yes.
Mr. Essex—What time did she go?
Mrs. Essex—I don't know—she took my watch with her.

A Story of the Attic.

"Mother!"

"Yes, my child."

"Do you think the doctor will come soon?"

"God knows, my child; we are so poor that he may not take the trouble to visit us in this attic. Wait patiently, my darling, and the morning will soon come."

The sick girl closed her eyes and sank back again on the scantily furnished couch. The moonlight stole into the attic through the broken window. The long shaft of yellow light crept closer and closer to the bedside as the night wore on. It lingered on the pillow for a moment, just touching the silken curls of the child and then strayed to the sweet, pale face and hovered around her golden head like a halo, until she opened her eyes once more.

"Mother, the night is growing cold, and what is that white coating on the window-sill?"

"It is frost, my child, and the fire has gone out!"

The moonbeam seemed to tremble, as though in pity, and still lingered caressingly on the white face. The frost snapped and sparkled on the cold roof outside, and the frozen snow glittered in the moonlight like diamonds. A homeless dog howled in the street, and its mournful cry was borne up to the lonely attic with startling clearness.

The mother sat by the bedside and stroked the white hands, watching the shadows on the cold floor, and now and then drawing the thin coverlet more closely about the white figure.

"Mother, you are cold, too. Your hands are like ice. O, mother, has God forsaken us!"

The cold winter wind stirred the old newspaper in the broken window and rattled the loose frame again and again. The moonbeam had shifted now and was slowly climbing the plastered wall. A neighboring clock tolled the hour of midnight, and the breeze still swept through the window with a mournful sound.

The sick girl stirred uneasily on her couch and watched the moving bar of pale gold that was now half way up the ceiling. It moved so slowly that she could scarcely notice its onward march. "Mother, is that God's eye watching us?"

The mother's head was bent forward and the searching wind stirred her white hair. The long drawn howl of the dog sounded louder to their ears, and the walls crackled with the frost like sparks from a glowing log.

The child's hand crept up and sought her mother's face. "You are crying, mother, and the tears are frozen on your face. Do you think the doctor will come soon now?"

The wind swirled down the chimney and stirred the white ashes in the grate, and the moonbeam crept higher and higher on the bare wall.

"Mother, your arms do not warm me as they used to, and I am so cold. Did you pray for me to-night, mother? I am so weak and cold that I cannot. Why—don't you—speak, mother?"

The dog ceased howling and soon the rickety stairs creaked under a heavy boot. The footsteps came closer and closer, and the doctor opened the door.

The moonbeam was looking down on the two silent figures, from the ceiling of the low room, and the white frost lay thick upon the coverlet. The wind gently stirred the white hair on the mother's head, and fanned the cheek of the figure on the bed. But it did not feel cold to them. God had not forsaken them, for He had taken them home.

B. KELLY.

Has An Irish Flavor.

Razzle lives in Hamilton and does not like it. Before he fell from grace he inhabited Toronto, and the change preys upon his digestion. A few days ago he got a holiday, borrowed a season ticket for the boat and came to Toronto in the morning for a breathing spell. The man from whom he borrowed it was anxious to get it back that evening so that he could come to Toronto on the next morning, and Razzle promised faithfully to return that evening. But when the hour for departure came he had excellent reasons for not wishing to go. So he hied him to the boat and prevailed upon the news agent to take the ticket back to the rightful owner. Then he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"Have missed boat. Porter will take ticket to you. RAZZLE."

Razzle now preserves a dead silence as to that unlucky telegram.

SPASMS.

The Palace of Poverty

By L. H. BICKFORD

Gray and ragged, with its sun-browned snow-banks fast tinting to purple under the August glare, there stood a mountain.

It was a king of mountains, silent and sombre. The lesser peaks, with abrupt, sharp points, surrounded like a bayoneted army, and from these mountain-princes sloped the plateaus and foothills, emerging finally into valleys.

On the gray peak was a goblin—faded, small, fantastic, yellow, and wicked. The pines rattled with anger when he leaped among their branches and threw down the cones. The rocks slid away defiantly from beneath his tiny feet when he scrambled over them. Only the west wind, carrying its salt breezes from the Pacific, lingered to hear him chatter, and bear his idle words on toward the east.

And one day, when the west wind rested on the gray peak, the goblin whispered one word.

It was: "Gold!"

"Gold," laughed the west wind as it turned to fly. "gold, gold, gold."

The prince-peaks heard it, and muttered it within themselves.

The pine trees swayed to the music of the word. The valley grasses rustled it in their dry language.

On went the west wind, into the east, pausing a moment on the village church or on the banking houses of the city.

"Gold," it said.

Into the hot tenements it flew, brushing the faces of the men who lay, exhausted from work, gasping in their sleep.

"Gold," it whispered. And they turned and smiled.

"Gold," it breathed to the night prowler. His eyes glittered.

"Gold," it shrieked to the miser. He laughed. And it hurried on.

When the days had passed, there came toward the gray peak from over the dry plains, irregular lines, toilingly, slowly, tediously, hundreds of men.

When they saw the mountains their faces grew round with anticipation.

Thousands of men; how they hurried and fought!

Finally they scattered up the foothills and plateaus; then to the prince-peaks; then to the king. And those who touched the gray rocks were of men no more.

"Why did they come?" asked a crag eagle.

The yellow goblin chuckled.

"Gold," he said.

It was a wild, thorn-grown portion of a forest in the Sangre de Cristo range of the Rocky Mountains. The timber here shows little marks of time. It is old and brown, and coming out of its second life. The young trees are awed in its presence and do not grow. They hope, some day, it may die out entirely, and leave nothing but the skeletons to creak and rock with the snow wind. Then they, the young shoots, will thrive, and be of the proud race of trees that preceded them, and smiled with the summer and shrieked with the winter; but now they respect old age; it cannot be for long; they are content to wait.

We see here, late in the afternoon of an Oct ober day, a young man who has lost his way. His journey has been long. The cactus, which through the valleys pushes its green wart up from the dry, red dusted earth, concealing beneath its silk wealth of blossoms the thorns that sting, has left its prickly stems upon even the rough leather of his top-boots. The brittle pines have scarred his smooth, healthy face. His coat of corduroy has jagged pieces absent, left on the out-crop rocks through which he scrambled. His hemlock stick, notched with the victories of mountain climbing, is dusty-white.

Through the stunted berry-bushes and damp, tall weeds he at last pushed his way into a clearing. A spring of water, up-shining through which was the chalcopyrite from the bottom, greeted him with its soft bubbling. A patch of sunlight shivered a little field of cactus and sunflower and wilted bluebells.

The young man sank down to rest in the forest of Eden. Leaning over the spring he fashioned with his hands a cup, dipped them into the mineral charged water, and took a satisfying draught. Uplifting his eyes, he looked into other eyes—small, greenish ones, the pupils of which dilated and contracted, and seemed to dance and change like kaleidoscopic glass.

The eyes of a snake.

Strangely, too, eyes with a weird touch of pleading, as though they were human.

"Mio Dios—he will strike."

So thought the young man, and much more. One has a vast number of thoughts in times like this. Of what does the murderer think when the French have bound him to the guillotine? Of what thinks the Mexican when led to be shot? What the criminal when the Americans have tied him to the fatal chair or placed him upon the gallows?

The past? The future? That eventful past. That future which may be so little or become so great. He thinks of both—of everything.

But at last the young man considered. It is pitiful to die. He quickly averted his eyes and sprang erect, seizing his stock.

The snake did not move.

He raised the stick to strike, and looked into the eyes again; they seemed to tell him something. It was: Do not kill; you see I am helpless; I am not here to harm.

He glanced along the body of the reptile, a body mottled with black and yellow, and remembered where the sun lighted it. Across the bulging neck a heavy load of stone, dislodged from a hollow near the spring, had fallen. It was remembered where the sun lighted it. Across the bulging neck a heavy load of stone, dislodged from a hollow near the spring, had fallen. It was one of the oddities of nature, perhaps, that this should occur in so freakish a way. The snake had struggled to free itself. It had attempted to turn. There was no escape. From out the cruel mouth the needle-tongue came quickly, and as quickly retreated.

So, for the time, the young man remained inactive.

"The body is unsightly; the head would seem wicked; the tongue inspires me with terror; but—the eyes, Mio Dios—ah, those eyes. They are human."

The priest with the black robe and the holy face; he o' the quaint chapel of santa Cruz de Huahua, once—so long ago now—what had he said?

"Help thou the weak; help thou those who are in need and distress. In all thy ways, my son, keep thou this advice."

But a reptile?

Yet, why not?

He pushed his stock under the heavy gray prison bar and sent it clumsily rolling sideways, down the mound.

For an instant the snake did not move; then it slowly, as if with pain, raised its ugly head and looked at its rescuer. With a swift, writhing motion, it ran around the spring and to an opening in the bushes, when it paused and turned to look back. The young man watched it, his staff once more raised to strike. The snake, turning, crawled to the watcher, lifted its head, and again returned to the bush opening.

"Follow," it seemed to urge.

The man stepped forward. The snake crept on like a live ribbon, raising its head at intervals to turn towards the rescuer, who followed now with an irresistible confidence in the leader.

"It will show me the road," thought the traveler. "At last I shall be out of the forest."

The path now was well defined, and with it the reptile was evidently familiar. There were curious turnings everywhere. Perhaps a half-hour passed ere the snake stopped. When it did so, the young man noticed that he was standing on a gray-rocked knoll. Below him were the woods, and beyond the sage-covered valley. Above, and on a flat-top hill of prominence, stretched a wide, narrow building. From its interior came the sounds of buzzing wheels and beltings, the clanging of bells, the steady swish of iron ropes. Outside, in narrow b ns, brown-clothed men threw great lumps of crumbling, dead earth from one pile to another. Others, pushing wheelbarrows, or small cars, tramped out and in, traversing narrow planking and miniature tracks.

"A mine!" exclaimed the young man. "Then there are cabins near. Here I may rest until to-morrow."

By this time the snake had started to climb the hill, but waited after a short distance for the traveler to follow. Perceiving this, and with much surprise, for he had supposed the snake, having led him to a proper shelter or path from the woods, would immediately by desert him; the young man quietly stepped forward and was soon ascending a beaten but crooked path.

Half the distance covered, he suddenly stopped. He was conscious of a terrible weakness throughout his body. It was a result of horror. The sides of the pathway were lined with skeletons—the skeletons of human beings.

Wherever he would look, came from all sides the ghastly, absent-eyed shapes of headless—headless—headless—without heads. There were fields of them. They covered the hillside as far as he could see.

And above hummed the machinery.

The snake crawled back to him and raised its bruised head. Again the little eyes sought his in their half human way, and still seemed to insist that he continue. After a while, partly freeing himself from the ghastly spell, he slowly walked ahead, closing his eyes at intervals to shut out the field of white death along the pathway.

They had reached the mine, and were in the midst of the human hive with their busy life. The great belts rolled and swished. The bells jarred out in the late afternoon quiet. Men were here—everywhere. They moved steadily and like puppets that had been wound up. They did not speak. They did not laugh. They simply moved.

Ah, Holy Mother, what faces!

Drawn and yellow with toil; lines and wrinkles everywhere. Parchment flesh clinging to the bones of the cheeks, and scant hair outgrowing from under the miners' caps.

Such eyes.

No soul. Only a dull look, as though the brain had ceased to work, while yet the body persisted in its labor.

The young man thought of the white field.

"From here—to there," he sa'd; "but from where to here?"

He paused to note these mechanical beings at their work. Men they appeared in stature and in flesh. He spoke to one of two; there was no answer—no evidence that they had heard. His horror slowly overcome, curiosity arose. He plucked a man by the sleeve; there was no response. He seized the flesh of the arm and quickly pressed it with his hands; it yielded, firm and naturally, as flesh will, but the person thus approached did not even turn to look at him who had made so bold. He seemed not to experience the touch. Again the snake crawled to the traveler's feet and raised its head; then it disappeared through an open door leading into a room at an end of the big building. The young man followed. The door closed suddenly behind him, and he stood within a dim apartment, as dark and luxurious in arrangement as some old Mexican castle. He seemed to have entered into the gorgeous chamber of a grandee of those old Spanish days—the days of peace, before Cerro Gordo and the cold butcheries of Mt. North. Before him, seated at an ancient table, he saw an old man; odd in dress, a dark, thick robe hanging from the small shoulders—shrunken old eye, furious in action, and wrinkled with age. Around his neck the cobra had curled itself and caressed his cheeks with its settled head.

"Senor is welcome," said the old man, and he addressed the new-comer in pure, soft Spanish. "And again welcome because you are of my own country. Is it not so—Mexico?"

"Si, senor; from Morelos."

"Ah—the sugar plantations. It is long since I have seen them."

He asked, with an eagerness every intelligent Mexican possesses, who has been absent from his country long, of affairs of his people, of politics, finances, and of the industries. It was not long ere he was enjoying delightful companionship with his young guest, over an admirable cup of the blackest of coffee. And how fascinating was this old man! You have seen those from whom you shrank on first meeting, only to admire and become vastly interested after you knew them—after the ice was broken, as the North Americans say.

Such a one was he.

And, in addition, mystifying. There is always a charm in mystery.

"You have done me a great service," he said when the coffee had been drained; he patted the head of the cobra in an affectionate way as he spoke, and the reptile ran its forked tongue in and out, with a lazy delight. "It was, I judge, a service that required a little courage on your part."

"I will acknowledge that I hesitated," replied the young man; "but humanity came to the rescue, even of a snake."

"You have saved to me my best friend—my only companion."

"Your only companion—surely, senor—"

He paused.

"Ah, you refer to those—those outside." For a moment he seemed to hesitate, as though weighing in his mind some problem. "Yet, why not?" he muttered; "to him—a countryman, and one, too, who has done me so great a favor. Those men, senor, are not my companions; they are my slaves. They dig for my silver and gold. In one day, when they have dug enough, I shall set them all free and go away."

"Slaves, senor, in the United States? The government—"

"Does not permit it? Ah, *que*. Look at their factories and their mills; are they not filled with slaves? Down in their mines? Slaves! On their railways, in their printing offices! Slaves, slaves, slaves!"

"But they receive money."

"Money! A little, perhaps. No pleasures with it. Nothing but added toil. I pay no money, yet my slaves are always happy—happy at their work—for they know not that it is work. It is a pleasure."

The young man thought of the yellow faces, the gaunt forms, the dull eyes, and the mechanical movement of arms and legs.

"Pleasure," he murmured, with a shiver; "strange pleasure."

"These North Americans," continued the old man, "they write of the labor problem; they tell of a Utopia; they clamor for the betterment of their toiling classes. I have solved it all."

"Senor will pardon me—I cannot believe it. Your slaves—are they men?"

"Decidedly. As much as you are a man. Three hundred of flesh and blood and bone and muscle—and they are mine. Mine you see no strikes, no threats, no labor meetings, no holidays, no nights; nothing but work. True, some of them rebel at first, but I am provided against; I wish I could, for am I not myself aging? But as for the labor—they call it a 'problem,' do they not, those North Americans? I have solved it by science."

"It is, then, a science that mystifies, senor."

"Mystifies you, perhaps. See."

He flung open the door. Through the roomy shaft-house tramped these beings with their barrows, sacks and tools; a clock could not have been better regulated. "You observe they do not stop to gossip nor to rest. It is so with them at all times—night and day. I have a market; they supply it. The revenues are mine, not theirs, and yet they are happy." And he closed the door to his bee-hive.

"Senor, your discourse is still mysterious."

"Your pardon. I will endeavor to come to the point of my story. I see that you believe these people are all suffering; this is not true. They are enjoying life at its best—a life of the imagination; a life created for them. They take no note of time, but live, each one alone, in the pleasures they believe they are enjoying. An instance: One near the door, who passed with the wheelbarrow, imagines that he is very wound up, he walks back and forth at his work; there is no exhaustion; he believes each barrowful of earth to be a mass of pure coined gold, which he hauls away to store. Some day, he thinks, he will use it. But is it not a greater pleasure to add to his wealth constantly, since it causes no fatigue and affords him such delight?"

And so it is with all—the men who dig fancy they see great slabs of gold fall down beside them—their gold. Those who hoist the buckets, those who turn the wheels, those who sort and crush the ore—all fondle and caress what they believe to be precious; and thus they supply my market."

The young man arose from the table. His eyes were wide with horror. For a moment he could not speak.

"I understand you now, senor," he said after a time. "It is—"

"Hypnotism!" The old man laughed. "Some would call it that. There is such a power, I am aware; but as you understand it, it amounts to nothing. Yet, if you choose, you may call it that. My term is science, but it is a science I cannot explain to you. These people obey me. I say: 'You may become rich; go and mine gold,' and so they do. I say, 'You have eaten,' or, 'You have slept,' and they continue refreshed."

"Surely, senor, you do not deny them food and rest? It would be preposterous not to allow them that; will nothing to feed the muscles and tissues, their lives would be worthless, even as slaves."

"There is no necessity for sleep. If they believe they have slept, it is enough. As for food, I do not wholly deny it. They are afforded a feast each week. I work through their lives, and it is only necessary that proper material for brain should be furnished. A man's physical suffering unless he be injured, is wholly the result of imagination. Diseases are provided for the most part. My people know nothing of disease. I do not permit them to."

"But how, senor, did these unfortunate beings become so situated—how do you exercise your power?"

The old man's face darkened. "That, senor, is my secret. I have explained all I choose to explain. In one of my apartments is a comfortable bed. Let me conduct you there, and you may rest until morning. I will then direct you towards the road to the valley."

The young man, eager to question, but fearing to overstep the bounds of a peculiar hospitality, followed his host slowly to the bed-room.

Waiting until the old man had closed the door, he threw himself on the bed, intending to rest a half-hour at most, and then, secretly, endeavor to force his way out to the mine to find—

What, after all, should he find?

He thought of the half-explained problems presented by his mysterious host; of the toilers, working themselves down to death amid fantastic, hollow dreams of wealth, happiness and health; he thought of the huge hill of skeletons, and imagined them glittering and shining in the whited moonlight.

And so thinking and wondering, he drifted, unwillingly, into a deep sleep.

A sharp pain in the forehead. The young man stood once more beside the forest spring. At his feet a ball of green, yellow, and purple unwound itself and sped through the bushes.

It was the cobra.

The young man passed his hands over his eyes.

"Something has happened—something—perhaps I dreamed; no, I have seen and heard something strange. But what?"

He never remembered.—*Short Stories.*

Schiller and the Duke

Karl, Duke of Wurtemburg, living in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was much dreaded by his subjects on account of his eccentricities and his severity. He founded a university near Stuttgart, called the Karlsschule, in which all branches of science were taught, but the students could not carry on their free and unrestricted life, as at other universities, but had to submit to a strict military discipline and other to severe punishment. Frederick Schiller, who afterwards became the much celebrated German poet, was one of the students in the year 1776. Duke Karl took great interest in the institution he had founded and often, with his consort Francisca, Countess of Hohenheim, paid the university an unexpected visit. On such occasions he began a rigid examination of the first student he met, in some particular branch of his studies. If he received prompt and correct answers he expressed to the happy student his satisfaction; but, if, on the contrary, the student, taken by surprise, uttered some unintelligible or wrong answer, or did not answer at all, Karl Duke, as he was called in Wurtemburg, would turn around suddenly and say to his spouse: "Come, Frauzel, let the blockhead alone." Of course, the unfortunate student became the laughing stock of his comrades and this habit of the duke finished ample material for conversation. Schiller playfully imitated the duke's manner of catechizing the students, and his wife answered to Karl. One day he came again with his consort and met Schiller in the corridor. The examination began at once and Schiller's answers were satisfactory. But the duke suddenly assumed a ferocious air and said: "Look here, Schiller, I am told that you can copy me very well. Is it true? I would like to see you do it. Who undertakes to copy the duke must understand his business well, or thunder and lightning shall come upon him. Go on now with your copying."

Schiller quickly responded, and requesting the duke to assume the character of the student, he brawled out:

"Look here, Schiller, I have been told that you dare to copy me, the duke. Is that true?"

As Karl did not answer at once Schiller continued:

"Well, now, go on at once with your answer or thunder and lightning shall come upon you."

The duke replied in good humor: "Your highness will pardon—only an inconsiderate joke."

"A joke!" cried Schiller, who threw an angry look at the duke, and taking the arm of the countess, said: "Come, Frauzel, let the blockhead alone."

The duke, at first nonplused by such audacity, soon broke out into loud laughter and afterward bestowed a great deal of kindness upon Schiller.

Universality of the Sign Language

It is a fact worth noting that the signs used by the Indians of North America are identical in many instances with those employed by the deaf-mutes of to-day. A short time ago a friend of the writer, who had spent considerable time among the Indians, but who had never talked with a deaf-mute before, conversed with some pupils of the New York Institution by means of signs which he had learned from the red men. "Where are you going?" and "I am going away on horseback," were the same when given by the deaf-mutes and by the visitor. Another instance showing the sign language to be a universal one was when the mother of the writer, herself a deaf person, while attending a convention of instruction of the deaf in France, conversed on various topics with a mute friend by means of signs. The French lady had no knowledge of the English language, while the American knew hardly a word of French.

It is evident that with the aid of a means of communication having the scope of this sign language, and learned without effort by simple intercommunication of deaf-mutes, general knowledge may be rapidly instilled into the minds of those who are deprived of hearing. They improve remarkably fast; but this system is not without its drawbacks, for if the sign language is depended upon too greatly the pupil does not make that progress in the English language that is essential to his communication with hearing and speaking people, nor for his improvement by the reading of both text-books and current literature.—*Walter B. Peet, in Scribner.*

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double wash-room, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Business Transaction.

Note-broker—Let me see, dear; what is the date of the wedding?

His fiancee—October 7th, sweet.

Note-broker—Ah, yes; and three days of grace will bring it to the tenth, love.

Chicago and Return

On September 30 and October 1 railroad ticket agents in Canada can sell tickets to Chicago and return via Wabash Railway at lower rates than second-class fare. One way solid trains, with sleepers attached, will be run from Toronto to Chicago in four teen hours. All tickets good until October 17. See that your tickets read via Detroit and the banner line. Full particulars from any ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

The Terrible Passion of Game

Hub—I gambled at the races yesterday.

Wife—How frightful! You always promised me you'd never—

Hub—But I won five hundred dol—

Wife—How lovely! Now I can have that beautiful bon—

Hub—But I lost the money on cards last—

Wife—Ha'eful thing! Gambling is a terrible passion.

They Had It.

Waiter (through the kitchen window)—Spill some catchup in de consummee. Dey's a gent wantin' tomato soup.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

Two Irish Heads

O'Toole—What do yees mane, yees bla'guard, by callin' me a flannel-mouth?

Regan—Thrue for yees Oirish heart; don't yees mouth shrink from wather?

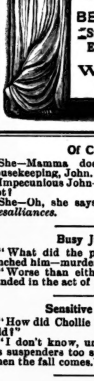
SURPRISE SOAP

The quality and quantity for the price (4 cakes for 25 cents) makes it the cheapest Soap for every use and every want. All who use it say so.

DEAR SPORTSMAN!

Have you everything ready for your SHOOTING TRIP? We have a "power" of goods in GUNS, RIFLES and accessories that are worthy your attention. If you use our LOADED AMMUNITION your shooting will improve 20 per cent.

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO



NEW Photos on Opal

ARTISTIC Photos in Black and White, mat finish

BEAUTIFUL Steel Engraving Effect

WALKER 147 Yonge Street

Of Course Not.

She—Mamma doesn't fancy co-operative housekeeping, John.

Impecunious John—Doesn't she, dear? Why not?

She—Oh, she says she doesn't believe in *mesalliances.*

Busy Judge Lynch.

"What did the poor man do that they lynched him—murder or train robbery?"

"Worse than either. He was caught red-handed in the act of taking a political straw."

Sensitive and Reckless.

"How did Chollie happen to get such a bad cold?"

"I don't know, unless it was his changing his suspenders too soon. He's vewy weckless when the fall comes."

A Curiosity of Language.

Jinks—I don't know much about French, but it strikes me that it must be a very flexible language.

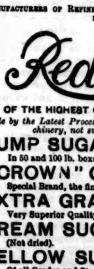
Pilkins—Why so?

Jinks—Well, just take the word cafe, for instance—think how many different kinds of places that means!

His Modern Weapon.

"You have made this cupid with a revolver," said the editor to his artist. "Isn't it customary to arm the god of lovers with a bow and arrows?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, "but art must keep up with the times."



WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE three months one of the best Family Journals published (64 columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Mention *Saturday Night* *Medical Adviser and Parent Help*, Bowmanville, Ont.

CANCER For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention *Saturday Night* and address—STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS (Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

LALLY!!!

LACROSSE STICKS AND Athletic Requisites of All Kinds

Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO. 89 King St. West, Toronto

The Ghost of Paul.

Written for Saturday Night.

"Insure your life in the Bull Dog Mutual, pay your premiums for three years, and at the end of that time you may even commit suicide if you like, but the amount of the policy shall certainly be paid over by the company to your beneficiary."

So said the zealous agent, and Paul Packornopack laughed at the seeming joke, while he handed over his first payment on a life policy $3,000, which the famous Bull Dog Mutual Life Insurance Company was taking on Paul's mortal length of stay.

His nephew, Samuel Sluggantakital, was beneficiary.

Paul was a printer and plodded along with a doggedness worthy his trade.

The allotted three years passed. Paul had not missed a payment on his policy, but as the fourth pay date drew nigh he feared he should. His eyes had weakened by the constant strain of staring for so many weary years at vicious "copy" and bad type. His physician ordered "Rest!"

Somewhat of a "bowler up," Paul had not saved a cent beyond the premiums on his policy. Why had he kept these paid so faithfully? Because he had a latent liking for his sister's son, said Samuel Sluggantakital.

Why should he not have love for him?

The most disreputable tramp had some affection for his dog!

Beside, Samuel was an orphan. Professedly, he was a reporter; really, he was a sponger on his Uncle Paul. So a stoppage in the mailing of his relative boded ceasing of supplies to Samuel.

Paul broke the news about non-payment of the premium on the policy as gently as he could. It was the 10th of June, and the money must be paid on July 1st. There was no prospect; for poor Paul was nearly blind.

"I'll tell you what," said Samuel: "I have a plan—a rare one, too!"

What was his scheme? Why; a simple proposition that his Uncle Paul should buy some laudanum, and by its aid bring on himself *felo de se*. That was all!

This was rather an awakening to Paul, and:

"Eh!" he ejaculated, his sore eyelids opening as wide apart as possible.

"Yes, old man," Samuel pursued, "you are not much use now, at any rate. You cannot get this $3,000 if you live, nor can I; and we run a big risk of both starving and losing all by missing premium payments. Don't be like a dog in-the-manger! Consent to die like a man; and with that money I can give myself a little start in life. I'm young, you know!"

This was so ingenuously stupendous a proposition that Paul could hardly comprehend it right away; then amazement fled, and anger came.

"Ungrateful boy!" He fumed; and then he stamped about the floor. "Have I toiled for you all these years to be insulted thus?"

"Mildly, mildly, my own kind Unc'e Paul," said Sam; "could it be any other way! If I could die for you I'd do it. Aye, with pleasure! But you know that would not help you anyway. Just consider: If you're dead you cannot pound type any more, nor read bad copy either. There are two important points you'd gain. Again: you'll know you've done your orphan nephew more immediate good than you could ever think to do him as your health is now. Another point: You'll die before long, kick or not; so what matter is an hour for one so nearly dead as you!"

Paul ceased to tramp. His face got calm, then cunning. Down he sat again.

"Well reasoned, Samuel Sluggantakital," he said; "you should have been a lawyer. You could talk Wee Ollie* out of face." A pause. "I'll do the job to-night; get me some laudanum."

Sam had forestalled. He hauled a phial from his inner clothes.

"I came prepared," he said.

Paul leered.

Of course Sam must be where an *alibi* could readily be maintained in case foul play should be suspected, so he rose and took his leave.

"Don't forget to date and time your dying statement," was his parting shot.

Sam rambled down the stairs; and Paul pursed out his under-lip to think.

"I must outwit that pencil tramp," he intimated scornfully to himself.

The lamp sick sputtered; Paul looked at the bowl. The oil was getting low.

"I'll burn the pollicy," he said, "then I'll set the house on fire and leave forever."

Long, sallow-faced, unrazored, tangle-locked, blear eyed, black browed and tent. Paul pictured perfidy, which he was not. He watched a pile of crushed-up papers in a corner hole. There's where he'd throw the lamp. He felt inside his pocket for the hated policy. Hark! A shuffling footstep climbed the stair.

"It's that fool coming back," he growled.

He was mistaken. A faltering hand felt for the knob. The door was opened and a man crept in.

"Moses!" shouted Paul.

"Paul!" exclaimed the other; then he sank exhausted in a chair.

"Good God! Moses, my long-lost brother! Tell me where you've been!" Paul cried, excited now.

"No time; I'm dying, Paul," said Moses with a groan.

And so it seemed, for he was deathly pale. Paul seiz d him by the hand, and Moses moaned:

"Thirty is in, old boy; good-bye; my dupes are pasted; sh-h-h; I die."

He raised himself, sank back, sighed like the exhausted pipe of a tug, and was no more.

Paul recognized that all was done; a death's door reconciliation was the best; they'd fight no more.

Paul and Moses were twin brothers. They had grown up together; they had schooled together; they were apprenticed to the same printer together; they had graduated as "comps" together; they had "rushed" one "growler" together; they had become orphans together; they had supported their sister together; they had loved the same girl together; they had fought over her together; they had been jilted together; they had decried the marriage of their sister together; they had drifted apart together; after many years of separation they had again come together; their sister's son had proved a loss, why should the twins not die together, be buried together? So thought Paul.

This reunion was a ghastly one. Paul was nonplused. He sat for a long time holding to the stiffening hand of his lamented brother.

Gloom attacked the lamp, which brought Paul from the realms of reminiscences. His eye fell on the life insurance policy he still held in his other hand. He smiled a sneer.

"Providence has sent me evil that from it good may come," he mutteringly enigmatized. "Now for that vile laudanum. Samuel Sluggantakital must not be pi."

Next night the newsboys drove a rushing trade on the merits of a "lovely suicide," upon which the energetic *Scuffler* had "scooped" all other papers.

Paul Packornopack had taken laudanum and was dead; found on the floor of his room with an empty phial labeled "Poison!" near him, and his lips redolent of the deadly drug.

On the table lay two documents, each fastened in an envelope. One big, the other small. The little one read: "To the Coroner," and the large one: "To Mr. Samuel Sluggantakital."

The tragedy was noised abroad as thus:

Z. Timotheus Huntitupanscratchitdown, or "Tim," for briefness with his journalistic chums, got "dead hit" at the races, and his salary was not due for four days at the office of the *Scuffler*. Tim knew Paul Packornopack, so resolved to go and "strike him for a V" to tide him through the week.

Paul's lodging was a second-storeyed room on Subbing street, the janiting for which Paul did himself and strangers rarely entered it.

Tim clambered up the pitchy stairs. Paul's room door was ajar. A knocking interluded and Tim pushed in, to see a sight which caused him hirsute stiffening.

He was too professional to raise alarm, for, quick as Kodak click, he saw a *Scuffler* "scoop." Quietly pushing to the door, he took in mentally the scene, nor did he miss the opening of the envelopes and the copying of the chirography contained therein. Then he got him gone—composedly, to keep suspicion down—and wrote the story for *The Scuffler's* evening edition. He had drawn conclusions from his observations; which were that Paul had tired of life and vicariously and nobly sacrificed himself for Sam. Tim said this in his article (which, between us, made all the other papers "sack" their staffs in envious rage); and more. The constables and coroners and everybody else were dazed by Tim's audacity; and, when they went to look, there was each factor and the corpse so graphically described.

This was the letter to the coroner:

Friday, 3 a m., June 13th, 1891.

This is a Friday, a third hour, a thirteenth day, and fatal. No need to hold an inquest; I committed suicide. You may indict and hang me for the murder of myself! Ha! Ha! Let Sam slug and take it all, if he wish; I leave him the policy. He is named O. K.

Yours loving in death,

PAUL PACKORNOPACK,

Printer.

Samuel Sluggantakital turned up at out this time. At the instance of the coroner he was detained on suspicion, until an inquest could be held. Nothing came of the enquiry. Sam's *alibi* was easily proved.

Released, the unworthy nephew of the eccentric uncle made application to the Bull Dog Mutual for the money of the policy, and was paid it faithfully.

He always had slept with his uncle, and now he occupied the room alone. He composed himself for sleep in his own embrace, self-congratulatory. How cleverly he had secured the money for Sam.

"Hello, Samuel!" startingly interrupted his cogitations from somewhere in the dark.

"Hel-lo!" chattered Samuel, beneath the bedclothes and his breath. "Surely that was Uncle Paul who cried just now! But he's dead; it couldn't be him. Geeroosism, I saw him buried!"

The perspiration poured.

"Samuel! Arise!" renewed the coursing of the marrow in his spine, and the bed was freed from coverings.

The moon gleamed through the window on the grinning ghost of Uncle Paul. Sam recognized the blear-eyed bogey instantly, and collapsed with guilty fear. He falteringly begged the phantom to proclaim his wants and go. The spectre quite agreed. He would that Sam secured that policy, and to assure himself he would be back that afternoon, just to assure himself there was no chicanery. He would rest much easier in his grave. Good! Sam would do it, he calmly, the unsuspecting Sam disbursed the sum in full; his uncle counted it. It all was there—$3,000. He pocketed it in his pocket.

"Sam," he said, "you've done your uncle all your wild life; now, he'll do you and help himself. You've often heard, no doubt, of diamond cut diamond?"

Samuel was surprise personified.

Paul spoke again.

"You think you see my ghost," he said; "ana, not ca'ling you a fool of course, you'd take your oath that I am dead. Perhaps. Well, this time you are wrong. I'm neither dead, nor yet am I a ghost; see!"

Still Samuel was too amazed to speak. But his avarice conceived an anxiousness about the money in the "spirit's" pocket and prompted him to step ahead.

"You need not long and look," proceeded Paul; "you have seen and felt those dollars for the first time and the last. I intend to bid this place and you good bye while flesh shall last upon my bones!"

He moved to go. Sam, with an effort, grabbed his arm. It was not spirit, certainly, but undulating flesh and blood. Paul shook him off, and asked him what he'd have.

"An explanation and my money back," Sam blurted, conquering fear.

"Since your appeal is so pathetic, Sam, I'll accommodate your first request. You saw me dead; you see me alive. You may try to ravel that enigma while you learn to labor for your daily bread. I am obliged to you, because you got the money from the company; I got it from you; it is mine. Adieu."

He said this sneeringly, and then was gone.

Disgusted, Samuel Sluggantakital began to work to pay—where he could get no credit. He did not know his uncle had a brother, but when he reads this, if he ever does, he can solve the problem which his Uncle Paul propounded.

ALEXANDER COPLAND.

* Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings,

in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with key to same, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

His Just Deserts.

Man in the Seat Behind—By gosh! That's great!

The Man with the Paper—Yx-as—red-hot!

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will hold their autumn opening on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 27 and 28. Their display of dress and millinery novelties is well worthy your inspection.

MELISSA

THE

Original and only Reliable

Porous Rainproof Cloth in

the world!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD — TRADE MELISSA MARK — WARRANTED RAINPROOF REGISTERED

YOU WANT A FALL OVERCOAT and you want the best that can be had for the money.

THE SEASON IS MOST LIKELY TO BE RAINY, so if your fall overcoat will answer for a waterproof as well, you are that much ahead.

THE WISE THING TO DO is to buy a Melissa Coat; it is the only coat manufactured which will satisfactorily fill the requirements.

THE FACT THAT MELISSA COATS ARE RAINPROOF does not interfere in the slightest degree with their being soft, warm and comfortable.

No other fabric is so suitable for LADIES' CLOAKINGS and MEN'S WRAPS as Melissa.

All genuine Porous Rainproof Cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa Garments have the above trade mark label attached.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO, MONTREAL.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon cannot be studied.

LITTLE ONE.—I think your writing has been disturbed; if not, let me know and I will do it immediately.

LITTLE DOLLEY.—1. Think hard of outside matters. 2. I dare not risk an opinion. 3. Necessity. 4. You are impulsive, erratic, slightly romantic and self-assertive.

DAPHNE.—A gentle and sympathetic nature, undecided, and not much given to self-discipline or coldness, fond of beauty and apt to look on the bright side of life; a very pleasant companion, and no doubt possessed of many friends.

MARK.—This study is so crude that I am unable to give a satisfactory delineation. A few points shown are caution, carelessness of detail and lack of culture. Writer is probably prejudiced and slightly obtuse, but from such a wavy, undecided study I am unable to form a character.

BARBIE.—Very similar in all points to Hiade but even more visionary and thistle-downy. Both of these hands have excellent and attractive points but both lack practical weight, and I scarcely know which would distract me most had I to look at it long. Both have large and excellent power of planning, Babbie the greater chance of success

ANNA BELLE FRASER.—Your writing shows vivacity, refinement, sharp and decisive action and lots of activity. You are self-willed but not obstinate, a little lacking in hope and cheerfulness, though usually clever and bright in conversation. Your judgment is a little faulty, but your honor and justice very good. A little quickness of temper might be sweetened.

CURIO.—This is a fine and honest nature, rather too open in speech, and anything but cautious in any way. She has the courage of her opinions and admirable perseverance and attention to details. Culture and style are shown, also honor, truth, and though lacking in finness of perception and rather prone to be blunt, writer is a thoroughly fine and noble character.

FARMINER.—You are constant, slightly fond of notice, a little affected, very fond of jokes, careful of the little things of this life, but not given to strain after the greater ones. Caution is good, artistic taste and quickness of perception a little wanting. It is a strong nature, slightly marred by mannerisms and prejudice, but charmingly attractive when crossed to its best effort.

PRAXITELES.—There isn't much wrong with you, my boy. You are pleasant and bright, good-tempered and adaptable, fond of yourself, and of a good time, ready enough to also high and liable to succeed, judgment is good, generously diffuse, and some wit and cleverness commend your character. You are perseverting and a little selfish, fond of pretty things and soft corners, but not at all indolent.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.—This is rather an independent and original girl, her temper good and fond of mentioning it. She likes romance but has healthy common sense, is a little anxious of the opinion of others, and would be more a muddle of an important affair; is not unduly partial to good things and is capable of self-denial. Her facility and good temper and kindness make her truthful, if sometimes a little prejudiced.

A DUBOIS.—This is a somewhat similar study to that of Praxiteles, but more mistrustful of self, and, maybe, a little less popular. All the tendencies are hopeful and buoyant, and though signs of nervous irritability under pressure, and a rather impulsive and hasty judgment are shown, the main characteristics are of strength and force. Writer is very honest, frank, and perhaps a little given to self-deprecation which he does not deserve.

VIRGIE, PEEK AND OTHYE.—These studies are so evidently immature that a delineation would not please. Virgie has more character and will be most admired, Peek is the gentlest and most dependent, while Othye is the most mature and all three are thoughtless and fond of fun and ease, just like any three girls at school. Wait a little, girls, especially you little mite, Virgie, and I shall have three good studies from you, if I live long enough.

BEATRICE.—1. If frequently receive letters begun as you have begun yours. 2 Your writing shows considerable prudence, some care for details, rather a bright and alert nature, slightly self-conscious, and very much needing self control, and some object outside self on which to lavish a good deal of energy now going begging. Taste and sympathy are good and ability fair, self-restraint and a habit of spending time in some absorbing study or pursuit, would, I am sure, be beneficial.

ISABEL.—I N ast week is past by many moons, my very unreasonable correspondent. Don't you know you must wait for your turn? You are hasteful, insatiative, easy and facile, rather airy and light in speech, than thoughtful, with large energy and ambition, excellent truth, some sense of humor, discretion and extreme sympathy, at the same time your work is sure to be unproductive if you don't apply your energies more practically. Your writing has some charming lines and some very aggravating ones.

BERYL.—Second delineations are not given. In your case, of course, it make an exception, as it was not your fault that you did not receive the first. Had you been good enough to LYOR me with the date of your study it would have saved me trouble. You are imaginative, idealistic, rather tru ful and anxious for praise. Prudence, but not reserve, good temper, some formalism and rather an ambitious tendency are shown. Care and culture and decided talent are visible. Writer lacks snap and energy, but is fond of art, music and beautiful things of all sorts.

LEIGH LORNE.—Really, I shall have to lay by my graphology for an hour or two. First come Hiade and Babbie to take my breath away, now Leigh Lorne comes to give me a cramp! Was ever such a maiden? All impulse, but such egotistic impulse, like a boomerang it goes back to where it started. Self is also of self-will and amiable detestation that what Leigh Lorne thinks is right shall be right, she is cautious and frank, rather a humbug and yet capable of strong affection, but the thing she loves most be *here* be in brute or human, wood or stone, dainty taste, and delicate fancy, great originality, force, and the most faulty judgment outside a lunatic asylum are the secrets told by your writing.

BETTY BLISS.—1. You are a bad girl! You know very well you had me where the hair was long, as a red-man would say. 2. How can I help you to overcome those blues, my dear? Time alone can do it, in your case; I felt as if I wanted to answer you out of your turn, when I read your letter, but of course, I dare not. You made me feel quite ashamed for having scolded at those young folks, but I was just worn out and a little in life instead of the man time. So glad you have another and pleasanter association with me. I hope you will let me know if the clouds have lifted; did the graphologist tell you that you were nervous, refined, able to hold your own, romantic, with high ideals and rather a pretty fancy, slightly impulsive, little temperous and undeniably clever? It not she erred. As it was not I, you need not think my statements self-scouting.

PETER PERIGOLA.—1. Jerome K. Jerome's paper, or rather magazine, is called the *Idler*. 2. He isn't an American. 3. David Copperfield is usually preferred, I suppose, because it is more or less the history of Dickens' early days. Personally I prefer Bleak House, though Nicholas Nickleby and Our Mutual Friend are close seconds. It is hard to tell just which is most popular. Old Curiosity Shop and Dombey & Son have plenty of admirers and little by and have never been excelled, and Little Dorrit is also a masterpiece. I can never can pretend the man or woman who calmly announces that they don't like Dickens, and I must confess that I don't want to. 4. Your writing shows humor, impulse, wit, hope, love of social pleasures. I am afraid you are fickle, and too fond of novelty and excitement, you have vivacity, perseverance, good temper and excellent ability.

DEBBY.—1 Mispah means a watch tower. The idea is that of an over-guarding power, a sort of good angel to keep a loved one from harm. A ring with Mispah on it would signify its donor's wish for your safety and well being, also a pledge of constant goodfellowship and truth between friends 2 I cannot answer such a silly question. You know as well as I do that I do. 3. I think, if you are so ill-bred and undignified as to quarrel with your gentleman friends you had better have done with them. Nothing could be more horrid than a continual squabble and more ruinous to your temper. 4. Your writing betrays you, my dear. You are emotional, romantic, apt to be petish and cranky, if not positively shrewish. There are traits and lines which tell of fine characteristics which you should develop and cultivate, and there are twists and cracks and unattractive corners which you should eradicate. It is the hand of a spoiled little woman who needs to have her common sense aroused and her hidden good qualities given a chance to grow.

If out of order use BECHAM'S PILLS.

He—I've been engaged in a desperate flirtation, but I'm tired of it, and I wish the girl would gently drop me.

She—Then, why don't you propose to her?

A Light Meal.

Weary Raggles—Did yer git anythin' ter eat? Tatterdon Torne—Yes; and it wus the lightest meal I ever struck. Yer see, I tackled the old woman fer a feed. She said she didn't have nothin' for me, and I wus givin' her a piece of me mind, when the old man came out and made me eat me words.

Something of an Implication.

Bridegroom (just after the ceremony)—Did you kiss the bride?

Bachelor Friend—Scared? No indeed. Why, I've seen people on the gallows not half so composed.

The Reason.

Examining physician (of insurance company)—What did your father die of?

"Palpidation ohf der heart."

Physician—Mother?

"Palpidation ohf der heart."

Physician—Two brothers?

"Palpidation ohf der heart."

Physician—What caused it?

"They each bought a lottery ticket and missed der big prize."

THE ARTIST'S FINGERPOST

OIL COLORS—Hoyle's, Winsor & Newton's.
WATER COLORS—Winsor & Newton's, Reeves'.
CANVAS—Reeves', Winsor & Newton's.
BRUSHES—English, German, American.
STRETCHERS—The Finger Patent.
PAPERS—All good makes.
PENCILS—Hardmuth's, Faber's, Dixon's.
BLACKBOARDS—Winsor & Newton's, Vere Foster's.
CHINA COLORS—Lacroix, Grandhomme, Roy.

In fact everything, and at prices always calculated to please, because no one will ever tell you they can buy better elsewhere.

The Art Metropole

181 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 5, 7 and 7 Toronto Arcade
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WHO'S YOUR HATTER — WHO'S YOUR HATTER

ESTABLISHED 1867

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 2575

COFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.

RIPANS TABULES

the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are mild and effectual the best medicine known for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dizziness, bad breath, pimples, dimness, offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach liver and bowels. One tabule gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time. Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents.
R RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

Dunn's Mustard

ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

THREE — Pozzoni's — POINTS

COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE — Pozzoni's — All Druggists and Fancy Stores. — TINTS

Music.

A VOCAL recital is a rarity in Toronto, an event seldom attempted indeed, I do not remember one of late years, except those given by the Henschels. So much the more interest was awakened by that given on Sept. 22 by Mr. H. W. Webster, assisted by Mrs. Webster who played the mandolin. This recital, by a coincidence, was given in the same hall in which the Henschels sang, that of the Toronto College of Music in which Mr. Webster is an instructor in vocal music. Mr. Webster's programme was an ample one, embracing opera, oratorio and song, and showing the breadth of his trained powers. His voice is a fine resonant baritone, well trained and sympathetic, well adapted for dramatic and declamatory work. His rendition is careful and dignified, with good phrasing and enunciation. Equally pleasing were the numbers played by Mrs. Webster, who showed great facility and taste in her manipulation of her instrument. Her tone is very sweet and round, while her conception of her music is very poetic and romantic. The good effect of her performance was much enhanced by her graceful and pleasing presence.

•

A new departure has been made in musical journalism by the *Canadian Musician*, which comes out this month with a couple of pages of cartoons. One page is headed by a clever sketch of two fishermen who are hauling a pupil out of what looks like the Yonge street slip. The unfortunate wight is caught by both Mr. Torrington and Mr. Fisher, who are evidently trying to secure him for their respective scholastic institutions. Mr. W. O. Forsyth appears as a disgruntled teacher who threatens to start a school of music himself; while Mr. A. S. Vogt, by a delicately sarcastic allusion to the recent turmoil he has been in, is made to lecture upon What I Know About Oratorio. Mr. Arthur E. Fisher is giving a blackboard illustration in harmony, and Signor D'Auria is conducting a Symphony before empty benches. Mr. Schuch has his hands full in the shape of two babes labeled Toronto Vocal Society and Harmony Club, and Mr. Torrington, Philharmonic Society in hand, is buying tickets to Douglas.

•

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons promise a great treat in the shape of a concert by Xaver Scharwenka, the well known composer, conductor and pianist, who will be assisted by the Princess Dolgorukki, a Russian violinist, and Signor Delasco, the basso. Mr. Torrington will conduct an orchestra of forty pieces.

•

The Toronto Vocal Society has made a brilliant start for this season, having been compelled to close its lists as far as sopranos and altos are concerned, the required number having been reached. There are now only vacancies for a few gentlemen. The principle of selection followed this season has had splendid results, the voice quality being more than excellent, and the reading powers of the chorus making rehearsal a joy rather than a labor.

•

Poor old Pat Gilmore has died at the age of sixty-three. He was in good spirits and in good company the night before his death, at St. Louis, where his band had been playing during the Exhibition. He was a genial soul and had acquaintances, friends and cronies over almost the whole earth. He had a great memory for faces and could always name a man he had ever talked to, no matter how long ago. He was trained in a British army band, but came out to America when quite a young man. He speedily learned how things are best done in America and was one of the few men with the necessary principle and strength of mind to add to the circus-bill style of entertainment and advertising really good work. His band was one of the best in the world, and maintained its position in competition with some of the most notable European military bands. He had a special faculty for creating monster entertainments, embracing hundreds of bandsmen, thousands of singers and scores of cannon. Such a company was presented at his great Peace Jubilee at Boston in 1872, when probably the biggest choral festival ever held in America was celebrated. The principal operatic artists of the world sang the most famous concerted pieces, four or five to each part. For these he originated the term "bouquet of artists," a phrase which has, I believe, been used even in Toronto. His band has often played in Toronto and always to the great pleasure of all its hearers. Who will fill his place and how well, are two questions which have occurred to many music-lovers this week.

•

I have also received a very pretty *brochure* setting forth the merits of the Farwell piano, recently introduced by Messrs. Farwell & Glendon. The little book is a work of art, and the piano itself is one of the finest productions of the kind in Canada. METRONOME.

'Twas But a Dream

"YES, sir," cried the excited Canuck to the Englishman with whom he had maintained a hot and heavy argument on the relative merits of the two countries and all things appertaining, "you old country people are always boasting of the superiority of British institutions and productions over those of every other nation! You are always saying that England is the finest place in the world to live in! Why, you never saw a country like this! Yes, sir, we could make thirty Britains out of Canada and then have a country six or seven times bigger than the blooming Old Country, and don't you forget it." Having delivered this patriotic if somewhat illogical speech, he jumped off the car and left us to those meditations which his parting words gave rise to.

Closing my eyes and leaning my head back, I tried to picture to myself a globe containing thirty Britains, each pouring forth a never ending stream of its colonizing sons to all the ends of the earth. Fancy, if you can, thirty countries, each the source of that tenacious, ambitious, liberty-loving, courageous, obstinate race who never know when they are beaten; that hydra-headed, many-sided people, of whom not one can be chosen as a representative type of the whole nation, yet in the deportment of each one may be read the proclamation "*Civis Britannicus Sum.*" Try to imagine thirty streams of this people flowing north, south, east and west, each unit possessed of that love for national institutions which amounts to a mania; which forces him to proclaim his free trade theories in all countries regardless of the diverse physical and economical conditions; which enables him to play cricket in lands where it is "too wet for anything save a dog or an Englishman." 'Tis that same national reverence for the sacred rights of property which, while his country's constitution is based on it, and the laborer's cottage is a castle which the monarch dare not enter, enables him to conscientiously impress himself of the lands of the African, in order to teach the ignorant heathen the extreme importance and sacred character of these rights. 'Tis part of the national character to bitterly denounce conscription and to oppose individualism to militarism, but the efficacy of British bayonets baited with a missionary as fishing tackle for African service is also fully appreciated.

Imagine, if you can, the influence upon the world's affairs of thirty Salisburys, cynical, diplomatic, terse of language, burning with the desire to paint British red as much of the map as possible; of thirty Gladstones, the eloquent knight-errant of liberty at whose summons Bulgaria and Italy rose from the grave of ages; of thirty men like Price Hughes, the greatest Methodist and demagogue of the day; of thirty Matthew Arnolds, whose death was the most widely mourned that England has ever known. Multiply the present influence of the nation upon all movements, religious, social or political, by thirty, and then calculate the chance of existence for the other nationalities. The French would think twice before stirring up trouble in Morocco and Egypt; the Russian might growl but he would keep off the Turkish Provinces and the Portuguese would give up colonizing; nay, even the bald headed American eagle would hesitate b fore undertaking the contract of twisting thirty lions' tails for the sake of the Irish vote, even—But just then the car stopped at my destination and I heard the newsboys crying, "Evening papers! All about President Harrison's Bill." Alas! 'twas a day dream. DOUGLAS.

Force of Habit.

The horse was not a bad-looking beast, but it would not budge. The man in the buggy slapped him with the reins, sawed his mouth, yelled at him and chirped at him and did everything a real angry, red-whiskered man could do—and when a red-whiskered man gets angry, something's got to give way. It was on Yonge street, and every body stopped to see the bailiff have. The beast would back up; it hawed and it gee ed obediently, but it wouldn't go forward, looking around, not viciously, but enquiringly.

The red-whiskered man sawed harder than ever, and bad words began to pour out from his lips. An old horseman took the animal by the bit and tried to lead it, but it wouldn't go, and the crowd numbered two hundred and fifteen.

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed a small man with spectacles on his face. "I've got something here that will fix things beautifully. I'm agent for the Howard Silver plated Door Bell Company, the best in the world, and only seventy-five cents apiece. I'll sell you one to fasten to your dash-board—you can work it with your feet—and seeing there'll be an advertisement in it for me, I'll give it to you for fifty cents."

As he spoke he had been opening a pasteboard box which he had taken from his pocket, and motioned for the old horseman to stand aside. All was ready.

Clang, clang!

Away went the horse, as gentle as could be, and the crowd gaped.

"It's all right. The street car company had an auction sale of five hundred horses Wednesday afternoon and I recognized that animal. It has been on the High Park run for the past six years and was waiting for the bell to ring. At the same time, if any of you want a good door bell, I'm your man. Clang, clang, clang."

But the crowd mizzled as quietly as the horse had gone. ZEKE.

A Condensed Tract.

In relating a brief personal experience I am not acting in a spirit of self-glorification. I merely wish to tell how I was used, though an unworthy instrument, in working an important change in the life of an otherwise excellent man—and a change that all right-thinking men will regard as an unmixed blessing.

Some months ago the mysterious movings of Providence brought me into the same boarding house, on Church street, as the Rev. Mr. B—, a most estimable gentleman. But though his life and conversation were in general most exemplary, yet the first morning, when I sat down to breakfast with him, I perceived that he was the slave of a fearful and, I regret to say, most widespread evil habit. Do not think, my young readers, that I at once reproved him for it. Such would have been the course of an inexperienced laborer; but I was too old in such work to commit so rash a step. I simply set my example, large and magnificent, before him; by and by he noticed it, and as he had pursued his unfortunate course through mere thoughtlessness and was not hardened in it, he asked me why I differed from him in this part of my behavior. Then, firmly yet modestly I explained to him my belief, and the glorious reasons I had for holding it. Mr. B— said nothing, but he seemed thoughtful. I said no more: I was content to let the good seed spring up in his heart, merely keeping my example before him. At last one day he met me, and with the tears running down his cheeks.

"My dear sir," he said, "you have saved me! Yes, saved me from a fearful fate, and a fearful sin! Never again, while I am a living man, shall I take sugar on my porridge; you were perfectly right, it spoils the true porridge taste!"

Then a great gladness took possession of my soul as I realized that, unworthy as I am, I had been privileged to secure a life from the awful dominance of that fatal habit.

The moral, dear friends and readers, is—(Here is where the condensation begins.)

SPASMS.

INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
University affiliation for Degrees in Music. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, etc.
Free instruction in Theory, Sight Singing, Violin, Orchestra and Ensemble playing. The Conservatory of Music is used by teachers and students are alone invaluable's educational advantages. Teaching staff increased to 55. New music hall and class rooms lately added, also electric lighting, steam heating, etc. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed.

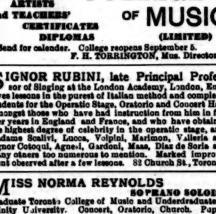
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
E. H. Shaw, B.A., - - Principal
Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Vocal, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression. Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics. Special courses in Physical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice, also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma.
Conservatory and Elocution Calendars mailed free.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

ARTHUR E. FISHER
Mus. Bac. A.C.O. (Eng.), and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)
Harmony, Composition, Pianoforte and Organ
Residence, 91 St. Joseph Street, Toronto

MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2, at her residence
12 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' College taught at reduction in terms.

J. HARTLEY DENNISON, Primo Tenore
Solo Tenor at Sunday Church
Church, Oratorio, Concert and Opera
133 Crawford Street

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC 56 HOMEWOOD AVE. TORONTO, Ont.
ESTABLISHED 1884
CHAS. FARRINGER - - Principal
To insure first-class work from the lowest to the highest grade of music, the pupils of our primary department receive daily instruction, or, in other words, practice under constant supervision of an experienced teacher. From the primary department they are transferred to the care of a teacher, born and educated in Germany, who has had over thirty years' experience as a teacher of music in boarding schools for young ladies in this country.
At the close of our last term we had the pleasure of granting first certificates to four of our pupils
FORM OF OUR CERTIFICATES.
This is to certify that M....., has been publicly examined and given satisfaction in the performance of pieces, selected by a disinterested committee, from selections named on margin hereof, etc.
The margin contains a list of 100 pieces (about 1000 pages), and among the prominent names of the composers we find: Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Heller, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, etc. A certificate of this kind is, therefore, not only desirable in Toronto and vicinity, but will speak for itself in any part of the world where the study of music is cultivated.
Young ladies from the country can be accommodated with rooms, board and use of pieces at the school.
CHAS. FARRINGER, Principal,
Telephone 3921. 56 Homewood Ave.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. College reopens September 5.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

SIGNOR RUBINI, late Principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., gives lessons in the purest of Italian method and completes students for the Operatic Stage, Oratorio and Concert Hall. Amongst those who have had instruction from him in former years in England and France, and who have obtained the highest degree of celebrity in the operatic stage, are: Madame Scalvi, Lucca, Volpini, Marimon, Valleria and Signor Cotogni, Agnesi, Gardoni, Masa, Diaz de Soria and many stand as numerous to mention. Marked improvement observed after a few lessons. 82 Church St., Toronto.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Graduate Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate of Trinity University. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Pupils received. Miss Reynolds is the only certificated pupil teacher of W. Elliott Haslam, under whom she has taught for three years, and from whom she has received the highest testimonials. Address—
Toronto College of Music and 86 Major St.

HELEN M MOORE, Mus. Bac.
Harmony, Composition, Etc.
Students prepared for the University examinations in Music. Toronto College of Music and 608 Church Street.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagements. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 29 Scarlett Street, Toronto

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

B. L. FAEDER, Orchestral Director, Academy of Music, violin soloist and teacher. Franco-Belgian method. Studio 277 Sherbourne st. Telephone 962. Open for concert engagements.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.
Choirmaster St. James' Cathedral
Conductor University Glee Club.
Conductor Harmony Club.
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.
35 Grenville Street

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ
Residence, 685 Church Street, Toronto

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture and Delsarte Physical Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of readings.
369 Wilton Ave. Toronto College of Music

MR. H. W. WEBSTER, Concert Baritone, (Late of Westminster Abbey, London.)
Receives Pupils for Singing.
Toronto College of Music, or 428 Church Street.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

VITALIZED AIR FREE
I will insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for $8 and $10, and include extracting with the air.
C. H. RIGGS
Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1476

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No advance fees. 2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

DELSARTE COLLEGE OF ORATORY
ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART
Large staff of specialists. Most advanced methods in vocal and visible expression. Fall Term Begins Oct. 4, '92. For large Art Catalogue address the president, FRANCIS J. BROWN, T. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

MARGUERITE A. BAKER
Graduate of the Boston School of Oratory
Teacher of Delsarte System of Expression, Dramatic Art and Physical Culture
Special Voice Work, Bird Notes, &c.
Open for reading engagements. Address till Oct. 1—
Ladies' College, Hamilton

MISS LOUISE SAUERMANN,
Instructor in Voice Culture and Piano.
Pupil of Prof. Julius Von Bernuth and Dr. Hugo Riemann, Hamburg, Germany. 117 Maitland Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST
ARTIST

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in pastel and water colors. Terms on application.
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

MANDOLIN LESSONS—By Lady Professor from Italy. Highest references from London, Eng., and New York. Terms, &c., address MRS. H. W. WEBSTER, Toronto College of Music or 428 Church St.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

BERT KENNEDY
Teacher of Mandolin and Saxophone (A & S. Northheimer sole agents) Toronto College of Music. Private instruction given in Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin at residence, 334 Jarvis Street. Call in mornings.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE AND DECORATIVE PAINTING.
608 Church Street (corner of Isabella)
Painting from Nature, from Still Life, from Copies. Regular course for those who wish it. Classes on Tuesday, and Friday mornings, Tuesday and Saturday afternoons.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION
EIGHT PROMINENT SPECIALISTS
Our specialist is DELSARTE, Gesture and Esthetic Physical Culture has received seven years of training from ablest teachers in America. *Fall term begins October 17.* One, two and three year's courses. Calendar sent.
PRINCIPAL MOUNTEER,
Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Toronto, Can.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ladies' College, Whitby.
ORGAN AND PIANO
94 Gloucester Street

W. O. FORSYTH
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory
Studied in Leipzig and Vienna under Dr. S. Jadassohn, Martin Krause and Prof Julius Epstein.
Modern methods. Address—
119 College Street. Toronto

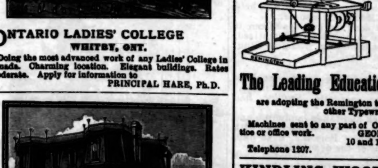
FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ
STUDIO (For Piano Lessons Only)
15 KING STREET EAST
(Messrs. Nordheimer)

FRENCH, GERMAN, LATIN, GREEK, Arithmetic, Algebra, Trigonometry and Physics thoroughly taught. Private or class lessons. Pupils prepared for High School, Matriculation, Civil Service and University examinations. H. G. HARGRAVE, 209 Jarvis St.

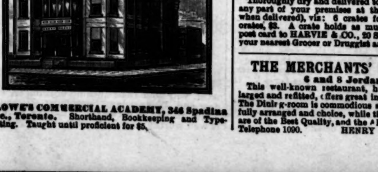
WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
3 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

GRENVILLE P. KLEISER
The Distinguished Elocutionist
In "THE MAN WHO HAS HIS LEG SHOT OFF" and other Recitations—Humorous, Dramatic and Pathetic—may now be engaged for select readings at residences or for part program nes. For circular, terms, etc., address—
25 Abingdon Square, New York City,
or 49 S ne Street, Toronto, Can.

CENTRAL Business College
TORONTO and STRATFORD
The Toronto School is the largest and best equipped business college in Canada. The Stratford College has an excellent reputation in Western Ontario for thorough work. Every interested person is earnestly invited to visit these institutions and examine the complete facilities. Such inspection will cause the visitor to place a higher estimate on business education and to take a deeper interest in superior work. The course of study in each institution is of unusual thoroughness, yet strictly practical. Business practice will be extensively carried on between the students in the two schools.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Students admitted daily. Handsome catalogues free.
Location of Toronto College, Cor Yonge and Gerrard. SHAW & ELLIOTT Principals



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.
Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Elegant buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to
PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.



LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, 346 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Typewriting. Taught until proficient for $5.

NEWCOMBE -:-
PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

NEW MUSIC

Anita Valse Espagnole, by B. Renke ..... 60c.
Victoria, new dance, by H. M. Early, music by Chas. Bohner.. 40c.
Danse Romantique (Jersey or Schottische) F. E. Galbraith.... 40c.
Skirt Dance, Marjorie, by L. Gray 25c.
Tar and Tartar Waltzes, arranged by E. Franz ..... 50c.
Lacrosse Jersey, by Nellie Smith 40c.
Comic Song, There's Not Another Like It, by James Fax..... 40c.
Sacred Song, Sun of My Soul, by Nellie Smith ..... 50c.
Elite Song Folio, a splendid collection of song, paper cover.... 75c.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Publishers
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

SHAKESPEARE SAID:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." but how much more uneasy are the people who are content to walk about in bad-fitting Boots and Shoes. Our visit to our establishment is the remedy (and the only one) therefor. Do not delay, as the foot is so delicate in its construction that one pair of those ill-formed and badly cut boots you have been unfortunate enough to secure may ruin your "understanding."
Note the address—
H. & C. BLATCHFORD, 87 and 89 King St. East

PICKLES' OCTOBER SHOES FOR LADIES
Fine Dongola Kid

PICKLES SHOE PARLOR, 326 YONGE STREET

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

BALD HEADS
We warrant Capillina to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.
SEND for Circular.
British American Business College
WILL RE-OPEN SEP. 1
C. O'DEA Sec'y

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth guinea in pocket. Price 25c. 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
THOMPSON'S HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto

MADAME IRELAND'S
Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* (1 December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

REMOVAL - -
ELDRIDGE STANTON
Has removed his Photographic Studio to
11 King Street West

REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH
10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
Telephone 1207. TORONTO.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (pay when delivered), viz: 6 crates for $1; 12 crates, $1; 20 crates, $2. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 30 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Lincoln Hunter and Frank Maclean. The following guests were present: Mrs. Bridgland, Mrs. R. I. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Wiman, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Miss Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Miss Wonham of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Dr. MacVicar of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, the Misses Macdougal, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Philip, Mr. and Mrs. A. Eckhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Eckhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Col. and Mrs. Jones, the Misses Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Kent, Mrs. J. A. Dixon of Evansville, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson.

•

The many friends of Prof. and Mrs. W. Edgar Buck will be interested to know that these late residents of Toronto have settled in Portland, Oregon, where Mr. Buck has been elected president of the College of Music in that city Mrs. Buck writes a charming description of the country, and I trust soon to hear further of their success in the far West.

•

Mr. Claude Seymour of H. M. S. Blake has been spending a few weeks' leave of absence visiting his uncle, Judge Macdougall of Carlton street.

•

Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge is visiting friends in the North-West, where she will spend the greater part of the coming winter.

•

Lovers of Tennyson will be interested in hearing that Prof. Clark of Trinity College has promised to deliver a course of lectures on The Poet Laureate and His Works, in the near future. The proceeds of these most charming lectures are to be given to St. Simon's church, by whose congregation Prof. Clark is much esteemed. Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. Henderson and other well known ladies will dispose of tickets for one or more of the course of lectures, which should much interest Torontonians.

•

Mrs. Hector Lamont and Mrs. Fernald have gone to East Tawas for Mrs. Lamont's health.

•

The annual meet of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club was most successful and enjoyable, the weather being perfect and all the arrangements for the interest and comfort of the spectators being most carefully complete. One thing which evoked much thankfulness was the banishment of the peanut and pop corn nuisance from the grand stand. After a lovely afternoon of races, which was marred by several ugly tumbles, the committee took dinner at McConkey's with some of their visitors, and afterwards adjourned to the Grand Opera House, where they enjoyed Milton Royle's fine play, Friends. After the third act pretty Fraulein Fetters presented the prizes to the happy lucky ones, who were greeted with cheers and congratulations from all parts of the house. The club bestowed upon the fair-haired and smiling German actress a magnificent bouquet of roses, and later on another exquisite bouquet was thrown to her from a group of cyclists occupying the west stage box. Signs of admiration were heard as the lovely brass and onyx table, the dainty Queen Anne coffee service, and the diamond ring were carried away. The audience was large and appreciative, and the actors seemed to receive

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Forty-eight Cases Jewelery and Art Goods

just passed into stock, being a portion of our recent European purchases.

This is the largest and choicest line of such goods ever entered in Canada.

Our **NEW ART ROOM** will be opened on Saturday next, and amongst its attractions will be **Onyx Pedestals, Fine Bronzes, English Chiming Clocks, Cabinets, Musical Tube Chimes, Fine Marble and Onyx Clocks,** a couple of **Salon Paintings,** etc

Our stock of **Sterling Silver Table** and **Toilet Goods** is most extensive.

All the **NEWEST CONCEITS** in Fine Gold and Diamond Jewelry.

For **WEDDING** and **PRESENTATION** purposes our stock offers every inducement.

All lovers of the artistic are at all times most welcome to our rooms.

Mail orders receive personal attention.

Ryrie Bros.

Jewelers

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

A Fashionable Toilet Bag.

In a Gladstone Bag the Toilet Case is on the back of the divisions and occupys very little room. It is also arranged so that it may be removed when not required, or can be stood on the dressing table. Fittings are made of cut glass, with mountings of nickel, sterling silver, gold and aluminum, the latter metal being now largely used owing to its extreme lightness. These Bags are made in sizes from sixteen to twenty-four inch, and price runs from twelve dollars to almost any figure desired. H E. Clarke & Co. carry a very large assortment of these goods at their handsome store, 105 King street west.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

One Week, Commencing Monday, October 3

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

The Popular American Actor

LEWIS MORRISON

In His Famous Scenic and Dramatic Production of

FAUST

The Wonderful Brocken Scene Now Grander and Better Than Ever. The Marvelous Dual Scene

SATURDAY NIGHT BY SPECIAL REQUEST BULWER'S RICHELIEU

Mr. Morrison as Richelieu

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House

POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE

WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 3

HAND OF FATE

A Highly Sensational Comedy Drama

Full of strong, intense situations, showing an actual

Western Blizzard and Snow Blockade

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

Next Attraction - - - COUNT CASPER

A GRAND JOINT RECITAL

To be given by

MISS JESSICA TERWILLIGE (formerly of Boston) and A. C. MOUNTEE, R. E.,

Both specialist teachers in Toronto College of Expression. Music furnished by Fred Warrington and Miss Martin, pianist. Subscription lists at Nordheimers, and Gourlay, Winter & Leeming. See press notices which accompany these lists.

Plan open to subscribers on Monday, October 10.

GRAND CONCERT

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons' First Subscribers' Concert of this Season.

MISS

EMMA JUCH

Prima Donna Soprano

HERR XAVER

SCHARWENKA

The Renowned Pianist, Conductor and Composer, AND OTHERS, in the

Pavilion, Monday, October 17

SCALE OF PRICES:

Class A.....	$1 50	1st and 2nd rows gallery.....	$2 00
Class B.....	1 00	3rd row gallery.....	1 50
Class C.....	75	4th row gallery.....	1 00

Subscribers will have first choice of seats, and in order of subscription.

List at Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons' music warerooms.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TORONTO

Since her successful season in London, Eng., of

Miss Jessie Alexander

IN... NEW REPERTOIRE

PAVILION, OCTOBER 4

ASSISTED BY

Sig. Marcicano's Orchestra of Strings

Plan at Nordheimer's. Admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 50c. and 75c.

NEW DANCES

PROF. J. F. DAVIS announces the following

NEW ROUND DANCES

for the coming season. They will be taught in Canada and the United States by hundreds of teachers:

LA PETITE PAVANE
HARVARD GAVOTTE
BOSTON SWING
CARLYLE
LA PANTOMINE
MAB-THERA SLIDE WALTZ
MAB-THERA SLIDE SCHOTTISCHE
and GAVOTTE LANCERS

Music for these new dances may be obtained from Prof. J. F. Davis at his

Dancing Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.

Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen now forming. All standard and new dances taught. Kindly call.

Probably Correct.

"Why does he go through such awful training?"

"To make himself tough."

"Then why does he go on such awful sprees?"

"To show how tough he is, my dear."

In the Divorce Country.

"By love, Bronson! your wife is a charming woman."

"I'm glad you find her so, Paralow."

"I do, indeed. If you ever contemplate getting divorced, old man, let me know, will you? I'd like to marry Mrs. Bronson myself."

The Age of Realism.

"Hunter plays that poverty stricken seaman capitally."

"Very—they say his poverty is the real thing."

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT

447 YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

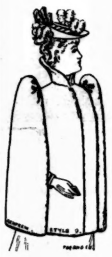
WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

"WOODBURN," RESIDENCE OF MR. J. KERR OSBORNE, BRANTFORD, one of the finest in Ontario; new and complete in every detail; modern in all appointments; perfect sanitary arrangements; 16 rooms; spacious halls; nearly an acre of grounds; beautiful lawn, tennis court and garden; stable, ice house, man's dwelling; everything in perfect order; cheapest living city in Canada. Will exchange for an equally desirable Toronto residence. A fair price will be accepted and a fair price paid. Apply to F. J. STEWART, 24 King Street East.



FUR SEASON 1892-93

We beg to inform our many PATRONS that our stock is complete in every detail.

We make a specialty of Ladies' Seal Skin Sacques and Coats, which are all cut by practical pattern makers. Ladies ordering garments from us may depend upon a perfect fit and skins of the very best quality.

G. R. Renfrew & Co.

FURRIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

71 and 73 King Street East, Toronto

35 and 37 Buade Street, Quebec

MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block

Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

World's Fair, Chicago

Dedicatory Services, Oct. 21

Will sell Round Tickets from Toronto to

Chicago and Return

FOR

Single Fare and One-third

Tickets are good going Oct 19, 20, 21, 22. Returning until Oct 23

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE

1 KING ST. EAST.

COR. YONGE STREET

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."
—TENNYSON.

The fair maiden will find our stock of NEW CLOTHES in the Mantle Department, without exception, the best in the city.

$85,000 WORTH OF MANTLES

TO SELECT FROM

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

fresh inspiration from the happy-looking houseful. Fraulein Fetters wore some elegant costumes and a most effective green plush opera cloak, a Worth design, with Medici collar, *applique* in green and gold, but I fancied she was most charming in the filmy white empire dress, which she wore while performing her graceful duty of presenting the prizes. The beauty of her costumes was that any one of them could have been worn by the *grandes dames* of society; they were not a particle stagey and were both elegant and perfectly ladylike.

I am told that Bloor street will gain another pleasant and hospitable host and hostess at the expense of Broadalbane street. Mr. Catto and his family will shortly remove to the former locality, where he has purchased a handsome residence.

Mrs. Auguste Bolte received on Thursday and Friday of last week at her home, 43 Cecil street. She was assisted by Miss Nora Armour and Miss Castle. Mrs. Bolte's delicate gray reception gown was most *chic* and stylish.

A joint recital and musical entertainment will be given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, October 16, at which the following artists will appear: Miss Jessica Terwilliger, formerly of Boston, recently appointed specialist in Toronto College of Expression; A. C. Mounteer, B.E., principal Toronto College of Expression; Fred Warrington, vocal soloist; Miss Martin, pianist. A treat is in store for all who hear this recital.

Ladies Tailors.

We draw your attention to the advertisement of R. Score & Son, Ladies' Tailors, to be found in another column, to the effect that Mr. R. J. Score has returned from Europe and while there made arrangements and secured the services of Mr. D. Winfield as ladies cutter and fitter. Mr. Winfield has been with Marquis & Co. of London for seven years, also with Redfurn of Paris, so the ladies of Toronto and Ontario can depend on having tailor made garments made in the best style and at the most moderate prices and complete satisfaction. The selection of woollens for this department are of the newest designs for gowns, jackets and ulsters. Their salon is now open and every attention will be given to their customers.

AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.

TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16c.; best of 4c bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Dove's Bible Gallery and other works, 98c. These last are Castell's best edition.

Sheet music in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, 36, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c.; Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1.25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 38c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1.24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth $1 25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10 30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

CLEARING SALE

During the months of July and August **MISS HOLLAND** will be prepared to offer the balance of her **Fine Millinery Stock,** together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for **cash.**

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating **garments** should take **this opportunity** of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

112 Yonge Street, West Side

Two Doors South of Adelaide

MEDICAL.

MASSAGE recommended for rheumatism, paralysis, insomnia, poor circulation, nervous troubles, stiff joints, etc. Endorsed by leading physicians. THOMAS COOK, 304 King Street West.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 293 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

DENTISTRY.

DR. BOSANKO
DENTIST
45 King Street West, over Hooper's Drug Store.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3863.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2247.

M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

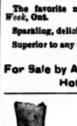
ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER
Godes-berger.
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The favorite mineral water of Queen Victoria.—*The Week*, Ont.

Sparkling, delicious, refreshing.—*Saturday Night*, Ont.

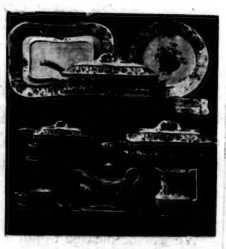
Superior to any other table water.—Dr. Redwood.

For Sale by All First class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants



PROF. DAVIDSON'S
The Famous Chiropodist and Manicure
Has again established himself on King Street. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at
49 King Street West, Room 7

CHINA HALL
(ESTABLISHED 1864)
Tel. 466. 49 King Street East, Toronto.
NEW DINNER SETS



NEW BED-ROOM WARE
NEW TEA SETS
NEW GOODS OF ALL KINDS
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE, IMPORTERS

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

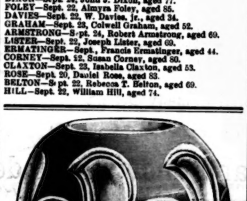
CLARK—At 52 Mackenzie crescent, on Sunday, Sept 25, the wife of Joe T. Clark—a son.
MOYLE—Sept. 7, Mrs Henry Moyle—a son.
CLENDENAN—Sept. 26, Mrs. G. Clendenan—a son.
EASTMURE—Sept. 25, Mrs. A. Eastmure—a daughter.
PYKE—Sept. 24, Mrs. George Pyke—a daughter.
WILSON—Sept. 24, Mrs. Alex. Wilson—a son.
SMITH—Sept. 25, Mrs. J. C. Smith—a son.
COULTER—Sept. 24, Mrs. S. A. Coulter—a son.
MEIKLE—Sept. 20, Mrs. T. D. Meikle—a daughter.
CAMPBELL—Sept. 22, Mrs. J. L. Campbell—a son.
WARWICK—Sept. 21, Mrs. C. E. Warwick—a son.
HINCHY—Sept. 20, Mrs. F. J. Hinchy—a son.
KAISER—Sept. 20, Mrs. J. B. Kaiser—a son.
LEVACK—Sept. 18, Mrs. W. Levack—a son.
ROSEBRUGH—Sept. 21, Mrs. F. Rosebrugh—twin sons.

Marriages.

BROWN-LOGAN—Sept. 21, Charles Brown to Sarah Logan.
CONWAY—DIGNUM—Sept. 20, John K. Conway to Alice Dignum.
MALLOCK—MacNAB—Sept. 12, Archibald Edward Mallock to Alice Barbara MacNab.
MARTIN—TURNER—Sept. 16, N. B. Martin to Lyda Turner.
ROBB—SHARP—Sept. 21, Arthur Craig Robb to Alice G. Sharp.
SHEPARD—BURNSIDE—Sept. 21, George Shepard to Minnie Burnside.
WOODLAND—SANDHAM—Sept. 21, J. M. Woodland to Lillie Sandham.
WILLOUGHBY—DINWOODY—Sept. 21, John G. Willoughby to Mary A. Dinwoody.
MURCHISON—MACQUEEN—Sept. 20, A. J. Murchison to Jessie M. Macqueen.
WALKER—BRIDGLAND—Sept. 22, A. R. Walker to Mildred K. Bridgland.
RICE—BLACK—Sept. 21, George M. Rice to May Agnes Black.
QUIRK—CASTLE—Sept. 20, Fred. T. Quirk to Minnie Castle.
FLINDT—ROSS—Sept. 22, Arthur Flindt to Carrie Ross.
CALLAHAN—KEITH—Sept. 22, J. W. Callahan to J. F. Keith.
HUME—BUNTING—Sept. 22, J. G. Hume to Margaret Bunting.
MACLAREN—McKELLAR—Sept. 21, A. W. Maclaren to Eliza L. McKellar.
WALKINGTON—LEONARD—Sept. 21, J. J. Walkington to Jennie Leonard.
McFARLAND—WALKER—Sept. 6, Francis McFarland to M. A. Walker.
GEORGE—SMITH—Sept. 21, J. K. George to Grace J. Smith.
FRASER—CUNNINGHAM—Sept. 14, Rev. J. Fraser to H. Cunningham.
PARKER—DAW—Sept. 8, Charles Parker to Ellen Daw.
BAND—CANFIELD—At Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 21, Charles A. Band to Emma D. Canfield.

Deaths.

FITZSIMONS—Sept. 26, I. J. Fitzsimons, aged 70.
DAWKINS—Sept. 27, T. E. Dawkins.
MOYLE—Sept. 27, Annie Moyle, aged 36.
ATKINSON—Sept. 26, Mary Atkinson, aged 86.
WILLIAMS—Sept. 27, Robert T. Williams, aged 5.
McGEE—Sept. 27, William McGee, aged 76.
BROCKINGTON—Sept. 26, Abigail Brockington, aged 84.
CAMELON—Sept., Rev. David Cameron, aged 63.
FAIR—Sept. 24, Mrs. Fair, aged 90.
STANTON—Sept. 24, W. H. Stanton, aged 53.
HEATON—Sept. 24, Ellen Heaton, aged 5.
KELLY—Sept. 26, Theresa Kelly.
TOLMIE—Sept. 25, Charles E. Tolmie, aged 53.
DIXON—Sept. 24, John J. Dixon, aged 77.
FOLEY—Sept. 22, Almyra Foley, aged 85.
DAVIES—Sept. 22, W. Davies, jr., aged 34.
GRAHAM—Sept. 23, Colwell Graham, aged 52.
ARMSTRONG—Sept. 24, Robert Armstrong, aged 69.
LISTER—Sept. 22, Joseph Lister, aged 60.
ERMATINGER—Sept., Francis Ermatinger, aged 44.
CORNEY—Sept. 12, Susan Corney, aged 93.
CLAXTON—Sept. 23, Isabella Claxton, aged 53.
ROSE—Sept. 26, Daniel Rose, aged 83.
BELTON—Sept. 22, Rebecca T. Belton, aged 69.
HILL—Sept. 22, William Hill, aged 74.



New Table Decorations in GLASS
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
Telephone 2177. 169 King Street West

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
S. HOWARTH - Druggist
242 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849 Telephone 1359

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679.

PARK LIVERY
173 and 175 McCaul Street
Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
TELEPHONE 139 W. J. MUNSHAW Prop.

"Hiring" Pianos
For the Winter Season should be ordered at once

Every winter customers are disappointed by neglecting the above useful injunction. We would, therefore, ask our patrons to kindly advise in time and suitable instruments will be reserved.

THE Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited
32 King Street West

DRESSMAKERS, if you want the best see that the end of the spool bears the brand

Corticelli

the strongest, smoothest and most elastic sewing silk made

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

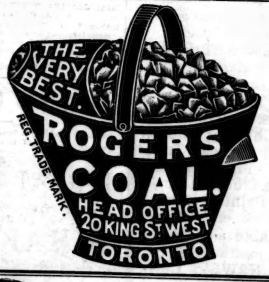
Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: 117 King Street West, Toronto

Don't Fail TO PUT THE PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY On Your List—"Island" or City
Works, 67 to 71 Adelaide Street West
Branch Office, 93 Yonge Street 'Phone 1127

COAL - AND WOOD - LOWEST PRICES



ELIAS ROGERS & Co.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL FROM THE ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.